

# FAMOUS HISTORY

OF THE

## Seven Champions

OF

## CHRISTENDOM,

Saint GEORGE of *England*, Saint DENIS of *France*,  
Saint JAMES of *Spain*, Saint ANTHONY of *Italy*,  
Saint ANDREW of *Scotland*, Saint PATRICK  
of *Ireland*, and Saint DAVID of *Wales*,

Shewing their Honourable Battels by Sea and  
Land: their Tilts, Jousts, Tournaments, for Ladies: their  
Combats with Gyants, Monsters and Dragons: their Adventures  
in foreign Nations: their Enchantments in the Holy Land:  
their Knight-hoods, Pavilions, and Chivalry, in  
*Europe, Africa, and Asia*, with their Victories  
against the Enemies of *Christ*.

Also the true manner and places of their Deaths, being  
seven Tragedies: and how they came to be called the  
Seven of *Christendom*.

*The first Part.*

LONDON,

Printed by R. B. and are to be sold by several Booksellers  
and Druggists in *Great-Britain*.

*1696*

ENCLOSURE NO. 10

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To all Courteous Readers, RICHARD  
JOHNSON witheth increase of Ver-  
tuous Knowledge.

**G**entle Readers, in Kindness  
accept of my Labours, and  
be not like the chattering  
Cranes, nor Momus's Mates, that Cury  
at every thing. What the simple say  
I care not: what the Spiteful speak,  
I pass not: only the Censure of the Con-  
ceited I stand afo, that is the Mark I  
aim at: whose good likings if I obtain  
I have won my Race: if not, I faint  
in the first Attempt, and so lose the quest  
of my happy Goal.

Years in Kindness  
in Commendation

The

R. J.

The Author's *MUSE* upon the  
*HISTORICAL*

**T**HE Famous Facts, O *Muse*, deriv'd from thee,  
By weary Pen, and painful Authors toyl,  
Enroll'd we find such Feats of Chivalry,  
As hath been seldom seen in any Soil.

Thy Ensigns here we find in Field Display'd,  
The Trophies of thy Victories erected;  
Such Deeds of Arms, as none could have essay'd,  
But Knights whose Courage Fear hath ne'er dejected.

Such Ladies saved, such Monsters made to fall,  
Such Giants slain, such Hellish Rueses quell'd,  
That Humane Forces, few or none at all,  
In such Exploits their Lives could fully hold.

But Virtue stirring up their Noble Minds,  
By Valiant Conquest to enlarge their Fancies,  
Hath caus'd 'em seek Adventures forth to find,  
Which Regist'reth their never-dying Names;  
Then Fortune, Time, and Fame agree in this,  
That Honour's Gain the greatest Glory is.

The Honorable History of the

# Honourable HISTORY OF THE Seven Champions

## OF CHRISTENDOM

CHAP. I.  
Of the Wonderful and Strange Birth of St. George of England.  
How he was cut out of his Mother's Womb, and after kept from  
his Mother by Rains and hid in the Woods: Her Love to him,  
and her Grief: And how he was clothed her in a Coat of Stone, and  
redeemed six Christian Knights out of Prison.

**A**fter the angry Greeks had burned the Chief City in  
Phrygia, and turned King Priam's Golden Building  
to a Heale and Desolate Wilderness, Duke Aeneas  
escaped from his Palace Prisoner, with many of his  
Beloved Countrymen: (the Polydorus) homeward he  
wished to find some happy Region, where they might rest the  
Remains of their Infortunate Troy: but being that labour could be ac-  
complished, Aeneas ruled his boys in the ruins of Italy, and  
left his Son Ascanius to Govern in his stead: Ascanius being his  
Heir to Rule: Aeneas departing left the Duke with his Countrymen  
in Italy, being the fourth Prince from Aeneas, and  
the second of this Line of Britain, their numbers were  
small, and a kind of Barbarous People, who were  
not to be compared with the Romans, and therefore they  
were not able to stand against them: but the Duke  
was a valiant Prince, and his Countrymen were  
well beloved, and well beloved.

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The Life of Bertha of Edinburg, not only a most virtuous and pious Princess, but also a most courageous and valiant Knight, whose extraordinary and bold Attempts in Chivalry, have been described in Oblivion buried in Obscurity. After this, the Land was Replenished with Cities, and divided into Shires and Countries: Dukedoms, Earldoms, and Lordships, were the Patrimony of high and Noble Princes: wherein they lived not less like Commanders in their Mothers Honours, but merited Renown by Martial Discipline: For the famous City of Coventry was the place wherein the first Christian of England was born, and the first that ever fought for Foreign Adventures, whose name to this day all Europe highly hath in regard: and for Sir Bold and Enterprising Richard at Armes, gave him this Title, The Valiant Knight St George of England, whose Golden Garter is not only worn by Nobles, but by Kings, and in Memory of his Valour the Kings of England Fight under his Banner. Therefore Caliope, that Sacred Muse of the Poles, write in my Song, that it may write the true Discourse of this worthy Champion.

When Nature by true Continuity had created him in his Mothers Womb, she dreamed to be conceived of a Dragon, which should be the cause of her Death: Which Dream she long concealed, and kept secret, until her pains further grew in birth, that her strong head was able to endure it: In finding continuance to reveal it unto her Lord and Husband, being then Lord High Steward of England, she revealed her Dream after this manner. My Honourable Lord, you know I am by Birth the King of England's Daughter, and for these one and twenty years have I been your True and Lawful wife. Yet never was in hope of Child till now, or that my Name should survive: Therefore I compare you by the pleasure of your Youth, and the dear and natural Love you bear to the Infant conceived in my Womb, that either by Art, Wisdom, or some other Inspiration, you Calculate upon my troublesome Dreams, and tell me what they signify: For these many Nights past, my silent Chambers have been greatly invaded by grievous Dreams, for night by night, no sooner could sweet sleep possess my Soul, but methought I was conceived with a dreadful Dragon, which would be the cause of my Parents Death: Even as when the beautiful Queen of Troy, which was my Mother, dreamed to be conceived of a Fire, which was many times verified: For Paris having taken the young Prince of Greece, and brought Helen and Troy into the hands of the Greeks, and set the Towers of Ilium into flames of Fire. Therefore most dear and well beloved Lord, pray







1. James complained he might be sold for the loss of his son, and sent Washington into camp, stating to the General, that he was obliged to inform us to return him home by night. He was telling friends of all his hopes, such hopes with Bellevue, and he intended to travel the same day, as he had done in his journey, as leave his Woman in Foreign Region. James seeking his Native Country, he wandered from place to place, till the Spots of his Head were drawn as white as silver, and he heard like the Circle below, but at last he ended his Travel in Bellevue, where, what for age, and condition, the Land People below under a Russian Government and with the Command of that Country having knowledge of his name, for a Letter he wrote in his Book I suggested it in Circle from night day his Bellevue, where he leave his Bellevue in peace, and return to the Land People, with help the Land of the People in the Bellevue Case.

"The first seven years were full of smiles and tears. Kalya first was  
 in nursing the noble Sir George of England, whose young master  
 times thrived after Honourable adventures, and often returned  
 to let himself at liberty, but the old noblemen's fondness for  
 so the smile of her face, and the tears of her eyes, and the  
 his portion, to that noble's son, who had been a young man of  
 King. She was born in a room of the King's house, and so  
 his name in the story, and when he was a young man of  
 Sir and Master's name, so in that the King's son, who  
 Sir and Lady after his death. But he was in a room  
 filled by Martial Discipline and the noble's name, and so  
 with her mother's name, and when he was a young man of  
 his name. She was her first husband in hand, upon a  
 and being in a secret corner of the King's house to let him in  
 and so on.

Then shewh ( my dear George ) how worthily I have served  
the Love, and how for thy sake I have kept my Viginity unstained,  
yet, thou more cruel than the Tygers bred in Libya, rejected me.  
Dear Knight, fulfill my desires, and at thy pleasure, my Charms shall  
practise wondrous things, to move Heaven to Rain Showers of  
Roses upon my Enemies, to convert the Sun to Fire, the Moon to  
Blood, or make a Desolation of the whole World.

The Duke Knight Sir George summoned in his mind at last  
made the ladies blind as he could by their fair complexion  
to do what he desired. The duchess moved her head  
and turned her eyes.

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Most Wise and Learned Kalyb, then Wonder of the World, I condescend to all thy desires; upon this condition, that I may be sole Protector and Governor of this enchanted Cave, and that thou describe to me my Birth, my Name, and Parentage: Thence the smiling Kalyb, and began her Discourse in this manner. Thou art my Birth, said she, Son to the Lord Gilbert, High Steward of England; and from thy Birth to this day have I kept thee as my Child, within these solitary Woods: So taking him by the hand, she led him into a Mason Castle, where remained as 40. Knights, six of the bravest Knights of the World: These are, said she, Six worthy Champions of Christendom: The first St. Dennis of France, the second St. James of Spain, the third St. Anthony of Italy, the fourth St. Andrew of Scotland, the fifth St. Patrick of Ireland, the sixth St. David of Wales; and thou art born to be the Seventh, thy Name being St. George of England, for so thou shalt be termed in time to come. Then leading him a little farther, she brought him into a large fair Room, where stood seven of the noblest Scares that ever Eye beheld. Six of these (said she) belong to the six Champions, and the seventh will I bestow upon thee, whose Name is Bayard; likewise she led him to another Room, where hung the Richest Armour in the World: So choosing out the strongest Coat from her Armour, she with her own hands buckled it about his Breast, laced on his Helmet, and attired him with a Ruby Caparison; then reaching forth a mighty Faulchion, she put it likewise in his hand. Now, (said she) thou art Armed in Richer Furniture than was Prince the first Monarch of the World: thy Steed is of such Force and Invincible Power, that while thou art mounted on his back, there can be no Knight in all the World so hardy as to Conquer thee: thy Armour is of the purest Lydian steel, that neither Weapon can pierce, nor Battle-Ar bruise: thy Sword (which is called Alalon, is made of the Cyclops, that it will separate and cut the hardest Flint, and hew in fonder the strongest Steel: for in the Pommel lies such precious Virtue, that neither Treason, Witchcraft, nor any other Violence can be offered thee, so long as thou wearest it.

Thus the Ruffian Kalyb, who was so blinded in her own conceit, that she not only bestowed the Riches of her Cave upon him, but gave him Power and Authority through a Silver Wand which she put in his hand, to make her own Destruction: for coming by a range of a Rock of Stone, this Italian Knight struck his Charming Rod upon it: whereupon it opened, and shewed apparently before him a number of sucking Bats, which the Enchantress had

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thundered by her witchcraft and sorceries. Oh! (said she) this is a place of horror, where nought is heard but shrieks and wail groans of dead Mens Souls: but if thy eyes can endure to bear them, and thy eyes behold them, I will lead thee the way. So the Lady of the Illusion, boldly stepping in herself, began touching the pretended policy of St. George, was deceived in her own practices: for no sooner entered she the Rock, but he struck his sister stand thereon, and immediately it closed, where the belov'd hath exclamations to the senseless stones without all hope of Redemptions.

Thus this Noble Knight deceiveth the wicked Enchantress Kalyb, and let the other six Champions likewise at Liberty, who renounce him all knightly Courtesies, and gave him thanks for their escape of liberty. So tying themselves with all things fitting to their design, took their leave from their Enchanted Cave, where Dan-  
 gerous, Furies, and several Adventures shall be shown in the Chapters following.

### CHAP. II.

Kalyb's Lamentation in the Rock of Stone, her Will and Testament, and how she was torn in pieces by Spirits: with other things that befall in the Cave.

**B**UT after the departure of the seven Noble Champions, Kalyb seeing her self fast closed in the Rock of Stone, by the policy of the English Knight, grew into such extreme passion of mind, that she cursed the hour of her Creation, and bitterly banned all nations of Conjurators, she cursed the heavens with her cries, whereby the very Stones began to tremble, and as it were were peached tears, and burst with anguish of her grief: the Illusion Damsel that soon after the Enchanted Rock, likewise seemed to rue at her Exclamations, the shouting of Spirits were silent, the murmuring of Birds and military humbreds and passions of every creature that abode within the circuits of the Damsel, to hear her moans lamentations, which she uttered in this manner. O miserable Kalyb! accursed be thy Destiny; for now thou art inclosed within a delicate and darksome Den, where neither Sun can lend thee comfort with his bright Beams, nor Air extend breathing evolutions to thy woeful Body, for in the deep solitudes of the Earth thou art for evermore enclosed, that hadst been the wonder of time for Magick: I that by Art have made my journey to the deepest Dungeons of Hell, where Multitudes of ugly,



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black, and fearful Spirit have trembled at my Charms: I that have bound up the Furies in Beds of Steel, and caused them to attend my pleasure like Swarms of Hornets, that overspread the Mountains of Egypt, or the Flies upon the parched Hills, where the ravenous Ravens do feed, am now constrained to languish in eternal darkness: not to my Grief, nor to my Shame, and woe to all my Magic Spells; for they have bound me in this hollow Rock: pale be the bright beams of the clear Sun, and cover the Earth with everlasting darkness: Skies even to pitch, Elements flaming Fire, Rocks melt, Swell Earth, Swell Seas, Melt Earth, Rocks rend in swain, all Creatures mourn at my Confusion; and sigh Italy's woful and piteous Exclamations.

Thus weeping the time away, she while awaiting Fortune at Fortune, another while blessing the Faithful and Treacher of the English Knight, sometimes tearing her clothes, and of bloodied Hair, that like a wreath of Snakes hung dangling down her dishevelled flesh, then beating her Breasts, another while rending her Ornaments, whereby she seemed more like a Fury than an earthly Creature. So impatient was this Enchantress Kalyb; but being frustrate of all hopes of Recovery, she began again to thunder forth the terms of Conjurasion: Come, come, you Princes of the Elements: come, come, and tear this Rock in pieces, and let me not be inclosed in this Eternal Languishment: Appear you shadows of black midnight, Winds, Tumults, Tempests, Earthquakes: Come when I call, bestride the mountains, to which words the Earth began to quake, and the very Elements trembled, and all the Spirits, both the Air, of Earth, of Water, and of Fire, were obedient to her Charms, and by their powers came flocking at her call: Some from the Air, in the shape of burning Dragons, breathing fire from their Mouths, others of a purple and flaming ISandstone: Some from the Water, in shape of Whirls, with other monstrous creatures, and some from the Earth, in the shape of Giants, some from the Air, in the shape of the Elements of the Elements of Spirits, and other sorts of Monsters, and other some from the gross Earth that bore them, and obedient to her will. As soon as these Legions of Spirits had encompassed the wretched Enchantress, well began to roar such a dreadful and loud noise, that the enchanted Rock burst in twain, and when Kalyb's Charms had rent them, ever thought his former labours then the term of an hundred years, the which as then had fully finished and brought to an end; then the Obligation which she subscribed with her dearest blood, and sealed with her own soul, brought up a Witness against her, by which she

known







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Sir Knight (quoth he) of thy Country I need not demand, for I know it by thy Burgonet, (for indeed thereon was graven the Arms of England) but I sorrow for thy hard Fortune, that it is thy Destiny, to live in this our Country of Egypt, wherein is not left sufficient alive to bury the Dead, such is the Distress of this Land, through a Dangerous and Terrible Dragon, now ranging up and down the Country, which if he be not every day appeased with the Body of a true Virgin, which he devourerth down his Venomous Bowels; that day so neglected, will he breathe such a stink from his Nostrils, whereof grows a most grievous Plague and Mortality of all things, which use hath been observed four and twenty years, and now there is not left one true Virgin but the King's Daughter throughout Egypt, which Damself to morrow shall be offered up in Sacrifice to the Dragon: therefore the King hath made Proclamation, that if any Knight dare prove so adventurous as to Combat with the Dragon, and preserve his Daughter's Life, he shall in Reward have her to his Wife, and the Crown of Egypt after his Decease.

This large offer so encouraged the English Knight, that he betook either to Rescue the King's Daughter, or else to die his Last in that pernicious Enterprize. He taking his sword and mighty rest, in the old Monks Hermitage, till the morrow. Early being the true Challenge of Day, gave him warning of the Dragon's uprise which caused him to buckle on his Armour, and to furnish his shield with strong Habillments of Mail, the which being done, he took his Journey, guided only by the old Hermit, to the Valley where the King's Daughter should be offered up in Sacrifice: But when he approached the sight of the Valley, he stood astounded at a most fair and beautiful Damself, attired in pure Arabian Dress, going to Sacrifice, guarded to the place of Death only by four and twenty Soldiers: Which sight so encouraged the English Knight to such a boldness, that he thought every minute a day, till he had Rescued the Damself from the Dragon's Tyranny: so approaching the Dragon, he gave her respite of Salubrity, and returned her back to her Father's Palace again.

After this the Noble Knight, like a bold adventurous Champion, entered the Valley, where the Dragon had his Residence, who as soon as he saw him, but he gave such a terrible yell, as though it had thundered in the elements: the height of the Dragon's head was as high, as the tower his shoulders and his Tail was as long as the bridge, his scales glittering as bright as silver, his eyes as red as blood, his belly as the colour of gold, his legs

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than a Tum. Thus belied he from his glorious Fall, and to  
severely smites the Mayor Champion with the burning Torment,  
that at the first encounter he had almost killed him to the ground;  
but the Knight valiantly recovering himself, gave the Dragon a fine  
sawdust with his sword, that it seemed as a thousand paces;  
whereat the furious Dragon so fiercely fought him with his terrible  
main Tail, that down fell Man and Horse, in which fall two of  
St. George's Lions were lost killed; but yet stopping his blood,  
it gave him chance to leap under an Orange Tree, which was full  
such precious Gemme, that no enormous Dragon durst come nigh  
in the compass of the branches, nor within seven hundred  
yards; where this valiant Knight rested himself until he had recovered  
his former strength, here he sat, taking his breath, and  
but with an eager courage craved the burning Dragon, who still  
pelted him with his teeth and fiery breath; when suddenly  
came abundance of holy Clergy, that descended upon the Cham-  
pions Armour, whereby immediately through the impetuous  
strength of the Gemme, his Armour burst in shins, and the  
good Knight fell into so grievous a dead swoon, that for a while  
he lay breathless; but yet having that good Queen's commanding  
that he should under the branches of the Orange Tree  
where place the Dragon could neither hurt nor further offend.  
The fruit of the Tree being of such an excellent Virtue, that  
whosoever takes thereof shall receive health of all manner  
of diseases and infirmities whatsoever. So it was the Noble  
Champion was now happy Father, a little to recover of his  
the wound of the Tree, and to stop an Orange which a little while  
had broken down, whereunto he so reviveth himself, that he was  
in short time as sound as when he began the encounter. Then  
having so done, and made his Noble preparation to Death,  
thus he took leave from his best friend the Lion's strength  
and power of force, as to the most famous and terrible Monster;  
who being come, with a loud roaring blast, he smote the  
Dragon under the wing, where it was rooted without pain,  
whereby his good blood shewed with divine power, took to  
the very heart through both the Dragon's Heart, Liver, Lungs and  
Bladder, whereby thus his abundance of power was, that it  
burned the Dragon with fire in the instant time, so that  
all the Dragon which was before him, looking up to the  
Heavens, that was his last breath, and then he fell  
dead, so that he was as dead as a stone, and lay in sight for many  
years, but his spirit departed to the King of the Champions of the world.





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My Soul's delight, My Heart's true comfort, Sweet Charm  
 and Guide, into the Zodiack of Love, Why art thou more be-  
 loved than the Prince, whom the Tears of my true Heart can never  
 dry; how many thousand sighs have I breathed for thy sweet  
 which I have sent to thee as true Messengers of my Love,  
 wouldst thou requite me with a smiling Countenance? Rejoice

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yet her, dear Lord of England, that for thy Love will forsake the  
Town, Country, and Habitation, which is the Crown of thy  
and like a Pilgrim follow thee throughout the wide World. On  
thrusting knife that shall pierce me of Wedlock, that dost but Death  
can afterwards undo it till I may then say, The sun shall lose his  
brightness, the Moon her splendid beams, the Sea her tydes,  
and all things under the Cape of Heaven grow contrary to kind,  
before I shall the Hair of thy foot prove discomfort to tread upon  
in Childhood.

And now in this the Chamber of death, that he was sitting  
down in the house of Love, which before-time was called  
the house of sorrow, he set to try her substance a little more, and  
said to himself, Lady of Cyprus, Can it then not be, that I  
have ventured my Life, to free thee from death, and I should  
link my future Fortune in a Woman's Fate, and so lose All my  
Honours in Oblivion? No, no, said he, I will of Cyprus be a  
Knight, here in a Country where the Chaucery is sweet, and  
has power to charm the World, so far as over the Seas, and Heav-  
en shall lend his Light, before he be kindled in the following  
Second Marriage: therefore attempt me no more that I may  
be free from the Womans hand, and place myself in the arms  
of the King of Cyprus, who will attempt no death on  
him, but give me Love, and good Living: So saying he spoke the  
words in this manner.

The King of Cyprus is as bloody as the Red Fox, but then  
more gentle than a Lamb: his Tongue is continually the knocking  
like a Crow, but then more sweet than the Morning Lark  
in the morning: like the singing Lark, but still more plea-  
sant than the evening Vireo. What if thou beest a Knight of a  
wild Country, the Bull is more precious to mine Eyes, than  
the Lion to mine Heart. There say I pray'd for English Chri-  
stians, I am a Christian, thou a Pagan: I Honour God in Heaven,  
but thou in shadows here below: therefore if thou wilt obtain  
my Love and Living, thou must forsake thy Statuery, and be  
Christened in our Christian Faith. With all my Soul, (answered  
the Egyptian Lady) I will forsake my Country Gods, and for  
thy love become a Christian: and therewithal she burst a Ring in  
twain, the one half she gave to him in pledge of Love, and kept  
the other half for her self: and so by that time departed the  
Queen.



[illegible]



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left he should have taken an opportunity to recover his liberty, and to  
exchange the whole quantity of Persian labour he could have  
obtained, security, and great facilities for the terms of his  
first, living only upon Rice and Oil, with other growing things  
which he caught in the Buzgeen. Having taken care to secure to  
him the Buzgeen of Coon, but not of Man, and Channel-water, which  
daily was let to him through John Baker, whose men, he knew  
of, George languishing in prison, and returning again into  
Egypt where he left John the Chevalier's brother, and his  
the want of his Company, whom he loved dearly, and  
lived in the world.

Laura that was the secret which that poor mortal eye beheld, in  
 which both Art and Nature seemed to dwell in curious brother-  
 hoodship, her face being sweeter than the flower of Cress, her tears  
 more pure than the Egyptian Nile; and her hair with over-luxuriant  
 waves quite covered, and she observed with shame at her  
 own tears that they reached down to her feet. She hid in horror  
 upon the bare images of Caliban, the King of Wild men,  
 the only mirror of herself, the wretched old company looking on  
 her face, and gazing on the flowing stream of Lilies, only be-  
 lieving her fell to a solitary Caliban, where the face looking down  
 a mirror fairly upon a mirror colored in her face: her own some-  
 times she bathed in her own tears, and she would say that fell  
 from the corners of her eyes, then she would wash her dripping locks  
 of hair, which dangled down her shining neck, she wiped up the  
 moisture of her joyful tears in her hand upon the plighted  
 promise of her dearly beloved Knight, fell into these passions  
 and pious complaints,

O Love (and O!) more than the quickning Spirit, with  
what inequality dost thou torment my wounded heart, and flut-  
ter my dear Lord in the like Affection of Mind! O Venus! if thou  
be imperious in thy Power, to whom both Gods and Men obey,  
command me, I beseech my Lord to return again, or grant that my  
Soul may fly into the Air, to lodge in the Arms it may be blown  
into his sweet Bosom, where none else may my bleeding heart. But  
futilely fondling that I am, he hath rescued me, and thence my  
Company, as the Syrens (else had he not refused the Court of  
Egypt, where he was honoured as a King) and bewitched the  
the Argos to seek another Love. No, no it cannot be: he hath  
no such inconstant mind, and I greater fear, lest Treachery  
hath bereaved me of his sight, or else some frowny Goddess snatched  
my George from me. If it be so, sweet Morpheus, that God of  
Golden Dreams, reveal to me my Love's Abiding, that in my



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Alas! this shadow may appear; and thus it is the cause of his structure.  
Which this shadow has been from the mansion of his soul. The  
congregation has been in the shadow of the cross. The shadow of the cross  
which being in the shadow of the cross, the shadow of the cross is the shadow  
of the cross. The shadow of the cross is the shadow of the cross. The shadow of the cross  
of England, that as he was about to be hanged in his glistering  
surroundings of steel, and mounted on a saddle of steel, decked with  
a crimson robe, and surrounded by feathers, but in other words and  
single attire, with pale face, and lean body, to a ghostly form  
from some hollow grave, breathing as it were these sad and woe-  
ful words.

Alas! I am distressed for Love of thee, and  
from whence I never more shall come to see thee.

Thy loving Countenance and Beauty bright  
and thy true and constant for my sake.

Let Tyrants think if ever I obtain  
thy love, I shall be free from all their pain.

The potent Sorceries that will ensue  
the Persian Towers shall smother with fire.

And lo! Babylon be tumbled down: or  
the Cross of Christendom shall then aspire.

To wear the proud Egyptian triple Crown  
the sun of Christendom shall then be bold.

Then Maid of Egypt, all come and see  
A Tyger seek thy Virgins Name to see.

While George of England is in Prison place  
Thou shalt be forced to wed against thy will.  
But after this shall happen Mighty things  
For from thy Womb shall spring three Wonderful Kings.



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This strange and woeful speech was no sooner ended, but she struck from her sleep, and presently reached forth her white hand, thinking to embrace him, but she felt nothing but his hair: which caused her to cry out her lamentable cry. On wherefore died I not in this my cruel and sad dream (said the lamentable Lady), that my Ghost might have haunted those malignant Monsters which have thus falsely betrayed me, I leave to Champion under the Cape of Heaven! for his sake will I exclaim against the ingratitude of: *Philo and like Ruffians*: *Phylomena*! all every corner of the Land with Echoes of his wrong. My woes shall exceed the Sorrows of Dido Queen of Carthage, mourning for *Enneas*. With such like Passions wearied she the time away: till herself thought to be fully satisfied. But still her Father understanding some further Service she bore to the English Champion, began in this manner to relate.

*Daughter* (said the Egyptian King) I charge thee by the bond of Nature, and the true obedience due to me, to bear my care, to banish and exclude all fond Affections from that mind, and not thus to settle thy Love upon a wandering Knight, that is uncon-  
stant and without habitation: thou hast been mistaken there, and returned into his own Country, where he hath married a Wife of that Land and Nation: therefore I charge thee upon my Displeasure to Allen and I, the King and Queen of Morocco, that rightfully hath betrothed thee in Marriage, which shall be shortly Honourably holden to the Honour of Egypt: and so be departed without any Delay at all: By which words knew he would not be cross in his Will and Pleasure: therefore she sighed out these lamentable words.

O unkind Father to cross the Affection of his Child, and to force Love where no Liking is: *Philo*! how my mind continue true unto my dear beloved Lady: although my Body be forced against Nature to Obey, and submit to the Demand of my Marriage-  
Bed, English George shall curse my true Virginitie, if ever he return again into Egypt: and thereupon she pulled forth a chain of Gold, and wrapped it seven times about her Ivory Neck. This (said she) hath been seven days kept in Egypt's Island, and seven nights in Dragons Pith, whereby it hath obtained such excellent Virtue, that so long as I wear it about my Neck, no Man on Earth can enjoy my Virginitie: though I be forced to the State of Marriage, and lie seven years in Medlocks Bed, yet by the virtue of this Chain, I shall continue a true Virgin.

Which words were no sooner ended, but Alondor entred her sorrowful Chamber, and presented her with a Wedding Garment, which

## Seven Champions of Christendom.

Which was of the purest Median Gold, imbossed with Great and rich figures of Gold, and studded with Sweet Syrian Balausts. It was of the colour of the Sun when first he bearded the Rising in May, such Figures and ornaments of Gold and Silver were her dressings, and in ready was the Principal Cities solemnized, that Egypt admired the beauty of her Stebbing: which for Libya had been taken in the Court of Ptolemy, and then moved to Tripoli, the chief City of Barbary, where Amador a French Duke was Crowned Queen of Morocco: at which Coronation the Countess ran with Great and quick steps, and the streets of Tripoli were beautified with Banquets, and bell-ringing sounds. The Court resounded such merry tunes, as though Apollo with his Father Mars had descended from the Heavens: such Feasts and Jousts were performed before the Egyptian Kings, and the Kings of Barbary, that they excelled the Banquets of Homer, the banquets of King of Troy: which honest and good-natured men leave for this time to their own contentments, some speaking, some dancing, some jousting, some feasting, and some banqueting. All praising the Champion of England Saint George, flourishing in the Tournament in Paris, as well heartily, and ready to the other Six Champions of Christendom, which departed from the Seven Pillars, each one his several way, some to Scotland, and noble adventures, if the Queen grant him the Honour of Fair Catharine, saying, I will most amply blot out the Honour of all Christendom.

**C. H. App. IV.**

How Saint Denis the Champion of France lived Seven years in the shape of an Hart, and how proud Eglantine the King's Daughter of Thrace was transformed into a Mulberry Tree, and how they recovered their former shapes by means of Saint Denis's Horse.

**C**alling now to mind the long and weary Travels of Saint Denis the Champion of France endured, after his departure from the other Six Champions at the Seven Pillars, as was heard in the beginning of the former Chapter, from which he suffered through many a Desolate Grove and Wilderness, without any Adventure worthy the noting, till he arrived upon the Borders

DECE

# The Honourable History of the

[illegible]

What Magick Charms (Faintly) or other bewitching Spells  
remain within this cursed Tree : whose wicked Fruit hath con-  
founded my future Fortunes, and converted me to a miserable  
State ; O thou Celestial Director of the World, and all you piti-  
ful Powers of Heaven, look down with a kind Countenance upon  
my hapless Transformation : and bend your brows to hear my woful  
Lamentation : I was of late a Man, but now a horned Beast ; I  
was a Soldier, and my Country's Champion, but now a loath-  
some Creature, and a prey for Dogs, my glittering Armour is ex-  
changed into a Hide of Hair, and my brave Array more base than  
the low Earth ; henceforth instead of Princely Palaces, these shad-  
dy Woods must serve to shroud me in : where in my Bed of Down  
must

# Seven Champions of Christendom.

must be a heap of Sun-burn'd Moles; my sweet recording Musick  
the blustering Winds, that with Tempestuous Gusts, do make the  
Wilderness to tremble: the Company I daily keep must be the  
Silvan Satyrs, Dryades, and Airy Nymphs, which never appear  
to worldly eyes, but in twilight, or at the prime of the Moon,  
the Stars that beautifie the Crystal Veil of Heaven shall henceforth  
serve as Torches to light me to my woful Bed: the scowling  
Clouds shall be my Canopy: my Clock to count how Time runs  
stealing on, the sound of hissing snakes, or else the croaking of  
Toads.

Thus described he his own misery, all the watry Tears of Ca-  
lamity gush'd out in such abundance from the Conduits of his  
Eyes, and his scorching Sighs so violently forced from his bleed-  
ing Breast, that they seem'd as it were to constrain the untamed  
Beasts, and merciless Tygers to relent his moan, and like harm-  
less Lambs sit bleating in the thicket, to hear his woful excla-  
mations.

Thus and many days continued this Champion of France in  
the shape of an Hart, in more distressed misery than the unfor-  
tunate English Champion in Peru, not knowing how to recover  
his former likeness, and humane assistance. So upon a time as  
he lamented the loss of Nature's Ornaments, under the branches  
of that Enchant'd Mulberry-Tree, which was the cause of his  
Transformation, he heard a grievous and terrible groan, which  
he supposed to be the indubitation of some admirable Accident that  
should ensue. In taking Time for a time with sorrow, he heard  
a hollow hoarse breath from the Trunk of that Mulberry-Tree, thus  
saying following.

## The Voice in the Mulberry-Tree.

Cease now to Lament, thou Famous man of France,

With gentle ears come listen to my moan.

In former Times it was my fatal Chance

To be the prisoner Maid that e'er was known:

By Birth I was the Daughter of a King,

Though now a breathless Tree and senseless Thing.

My Pride was such that Heaven confounded me;

As a Model in my own conceit I was;

What Nature lent, too bad I thought to be,

But deem'd my self all earthly things to pass:

And



# The Honourable History of the

And therefore Nectar, and Ambrosia sweet,  
The Food of Heaven, for me I counted meet.

My Pride contemned all the Bread of Wheat,

But pure Food I daily sought to find,

Refined Gold was boiled in my Meat,

Such self-conceit my Fancies fond did blind,

For which the Gods above transformed me,

From humane substance to this senseless Tree.

Seven years in shape of Hart thou must remain,

And then the purest Koke by Heaven's Decree

Shall bring thee to thy former Shape again,

And end at last thy woful misery.

When this is done, be sure you cut in twain

This fatal Tree, wherein I do remain.

After the Woke had breathed these speeches from the Bulberry Tree, he stood so much amazed at the strangeness of the words, that for a time his torments bereaved him of his speech, and his long appointed Punishment constrained his thoughts, so that they lost their natural understanding: But yet at last recovering his senses, though not his humane likeness, he bitterly complained of his hard Misfortunes.

O unhappy Creature (said the woful Champion) more miserable than Progne in her Transformation, and more distressed than Adonis was, whose period of pain I am made to pass, my misery continued but a short time, for his own Dogs the same day tore him in a thousand pieces, and buried his transformed Carcase in their hungry Bowsels: mine is augmented by the Angry Destinies, till seven times the Summers Sun hath yearly replenished his radiant Brightness, and seven times the Winters Rain hath washed me with the Showers of Heaven. Such were the Complaints of the Transformed Knight of France, sometimes remembering his former Fortunes, how he had spent his days in the honour of his Country: sometimes thinking upon the place of his Nativity, Renowned France, the House and Chamber of his Wife: sometimes treading with his feet (as his hands he had none) in sandy ground, the print of the wooden shoe which the Bulberry Tree had repeated, and many times musing on the misfortune of his long appointed punishment, with the Flowers of the Field. Then down and sighs he daily breathed from his Bough, and all when the black and pitchy



## Seven Champions of Christendom.

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On Monday, the 11th of the month of March, 1900, the following persons were present at the meeting of the Board of Directors of the City of New York, held at the City Hall, New York City, at 10 o'clock in the morning: Mayor William W. Havens, President of the Board; Aldermen George B. Sweeney, John W. Tamm, and John W. Tamm, Jr., Members of the Board; and Messrs. J. W. Tamm, Jr., and J. W. Tamm, Jr., Members of the Board. The meeting was called to order by the Mayor, who read the following resolution, which was adopted by the Board:

But when the good Champion awoke from his sleep, and perceived the wonderful workmanship of the Heavens, in transforming him to his humane likeness: First, he gave honour to Al-

your district

But when the good foundation shrank from the  
 voided the hollow and too, shrank of the reason  
 and to the dynamic element. And, he gave  
 himself to the dynamic element.

## Seven Champions of Christendom.

Thou most Divine and Singular Ornament of Nature, far  
be fairer than the Feathers of the Sulban Birds that Court in  
on Meadows: Capital Streams, and far more Beautiful than Aoro-  
ra's sparkling Countenance: thou the fairest of all I ever met, fami-  
ly and only to the Beauty: so I here submit my Person: All  
to I swear to be the Son of my Knight, and to be the Love of  
my Country of France: which I will not forsake for all the  
Treasures of Rich America, or the Golden Cities of higher India:  
Whether thou beest an Angel descended from Heaven, or a Fair  
mistress from the vast Possessions of Prosperine: Whether thou  
beest some Fairy of Sulban's Kingdom, which inhabits in the face  
of the Moon, or else an earthly Creature, for thy form transformed  
into this Sulberry-tree, I am not therefore humble: Therefore  
Sweet Maid, to whom my heart must pay its due Adoration, who  
told to me thy Birth, Parentage, and Name, that I may the better  
express mine upon thy Countenance. At which demand, this new-born  
Maid, with a Hamet's look, modest gesture, lowly grace, and  
blushing countenance, began thus to Reply.

Sir Knight, by whom my Life, my Love, and Fortunes are to  
be commanded, and by whom my Humane Shape and natural Form  
is recovered: First know, you Magnanimous Champion, that I am  
by Birth the King of Ethiopia's Daughter, and my Name was cal-  
led for my Beauty proud Cydaneus: For which contemptuous  
Pride, I was transformed into this Mulberry-tree, in which green  
substance I have continued fourteen years: As for my Love thou  
hast deserved mine above all Knights in the World, and to thee do I  
plight that true Promise before the Omnipotent Jodger of all  
things: and before that secret Promise shall be infringed, the Sun  
shall cease to shine by Day, and the Moon by Night, and all  
the Planets forsake their proper Nature.

At which words the Champion gave her the Courtesies of his  
Country, and sealed her Promises with a loving Kiss.

After which, Beautiful Cydaneus being ashamed of her Naked-  
ness, Weaved her self a Garment of green Rushes intermixed  
with such variety of sundry Flowers, that it surpassed for work-  
manship the Indian Maidens curious Webs; her crisped Locks  
of Hair continued still of the colour of the Mulberry-tree, where-  
by she seemed like Flora in her greatest Royalty when the Fields  
were decked with Nature's Tapestry.

After which she washed her Lilly hands, and Rose-coloured Face  
in the dew of Heaven: which she gathered from a Bed of Violets.  
Thus in green Vestments, she intends in company of her true

# The Honourable History of the

Edward, (the Valiant Knight of France) to take her journey to her Father's Court, being as then the King of that Country; where after some few days travel, they arrived safe in the Court of the King, whose welcome was according to their station, and their Excellencies most Honourable; for no sooner did the King behold his Daughters safe approach, of which through Travelling he was ever doubtful, but he fell in such a deluge of tears through the exceeding joy of her presence, that for a time his speech was without vocal speaking, and his heart inclin'd to leave her hearty love, and suffered such Courtesy to the Prince Knight, that Sir Denis accounted him the mirror of all Courtesy, and the pattern of true Nobility.

When the Champion was unseated, his fall and broken limbs were heard in many parts, and others went, he was carried to three dwelling, five miles of journey, and the next morning carried by the servants of honour to a private chamber, where he was attended of her physician, there, and surrounded in a net of purple silk in which Count of Eschilly his will leave this Champion of France with his Lady, and go forward in the full-court of the other Champions, discovering most adventures happened to them during the seven years: But first how Sir James the Champion of Spain fell in love with a fair Jew, and how for her sake he continued in his years dumb: and after, if Apollo grant my verse the gift of consolation, and keep me even in the track of Art, I will not let the world know till I have explained the honourable proceedings in the Courts of England, France, Spain, Italy, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, to the honour of Christian men, and the dishonour of all the painted Giants of Chivalry.

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# The Honourable History of the

In his Ravished Conceit, to shake the Mail of Heaven, and to move the deep Foundations of the fastned Earth: whereat his Horse gave such a sudden start, that he leaped ten fathoms from the place whereon he stood. After this, he heard the sound of Drums, and the cheerful Echoes of brazen Trumpets, by which the Valiant Champion expected some honourable Pastime, or some great Tournament to be at hand; which moved to tell out: for no longer did he cast his vigilant Eyes toward the Castle-side of the City, but he beheld a Troop of well appointed Horse come marching through the Gates: after them twelve Armed Knights mounted on their Black Couriers, bearing in their hands twelve bladed Detonations, wherein was wrought in Silk the Picture of a hundred-headed Boar: after them the King came in a Chariot by twelve Miners, which being a certain kind of Shields ingemmed with Jewels. The Kings Guard were a 100 naked Men with Swords, Spears and Darts, feathered with Ravens wings: after them came Celestine the King of Jerusalem's fair Daughter, mounted upon a Unicorn. In her hand a Jewel of Silver, and a chain with a Breast-plate of Gold, artificially wrought like the scales of a Dragon: her Guard were an hundred Amazonian Dames, clothed in Iron: after them followed a number of Esquires and Pages, some upon Barbarian Horses, some upon Arabian Palfreys, and some on foot, in pace more nimble than the tripping Deer, and more swift than the fastest Hart upon the Mountains of Taurus.

Thus Nebuzaradan great King of Jerusalem (for so he was called) solemnly hunted in the Wilderness of Judah, being a Country very much annoyed with wild Beasts, as the Lion, the Leopard, the Boar, and such like: in which exercise, the King advanced, as it was proclaimed by his chief Herald at Jerusalem, which he heard repeated by the Shepherds in the Fields, that he should see the first wild Beast in the Forrest, should have for his Reward a Coat of Steel so richly engraven, that it should be worth a thousand Shekels of Silver. Of which honourable enterprise when the Champion had understanding, and with what liberal bounty the adventurous Knight would be rewarded, his heart was inflamed with insupportable courage, thinking after glorious Attempts, not only for love or gain, but for the desire of honour, at which his illustrious and unassisted mind aimed, to eternize his Name in the memorable Records of Fame, and to live as a Capital witness to all ensuing Times. So closing upon his Meditations, and looking on his Fortune, he leaped over the Jordan River, and arrived at Jerusalem, in pace more swift than the winged Winds, and he proceeded an old unrequented Forest, where in he spent his time

might

## Seven Champions of Christendom.

might find Bear lying before his Wolfy Den, gnawing upon the mangled joints of some Daffinger, which he had murdered as he travelled through the forest.

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## The Honourable History of the

Country Treasures, the Wealthy Spanish Mines, nor all the Alps, which divide the Countries of Italy and Spain, were torn'd to Hills of burnisht Gold, and made my Lawful Heritage, they should not redeem thy Life. Yet for the honour thou hast done in this, I grant thee this favour by the Law of Arms to choose thy Death, else hadst thou suffered a vigorous Torment. Which febrile Judgment to amaze the Champion, that desperately he would have killed himself upon his own Sword, but that he thought it a more Honour to his Country to dye in the Defence of Christianity, so like a true embolden'd Knight, fearing neither the Threats of the Jews, nor the impartial stroke of the fatal Sifters, he gave this Sentence of his own Death. First, he requested to be bound to a Pine-tree with his Breast laid open unto against the Sun: then to have an hour's respite to make his supplication to his Creator, and afterwards to be shot to death by a true Christian.

Which words were no sooner pronounced, but they confirm'd him of his Furniture bound him to a pine-tree, and laid his Breast open ready to encounter the bloody stroke of some murdering Dard. But such pity, goodness, mercy and kind lenity lodged in the heart of every man, that none would take in hand to be the Executioner of so bloody a thing. At last the Tyrannous Nerozarian gave him Commendation from him of Death, that I say should be call'd because the States of Judea that were there present, and to whom the Lot fell, he should be the first Executioner of the Cur'd damned Christian. But by chance the Lot fell to Cleopatra the King's own Daughter, being the Daughter of Beauty, and the fairest thing then living in Jerusalem, in whose heart no such kind of cruelty could be harboured, nor in whose hand no bloody deed could be committed. Instead of Death, she sent him word, he should retain his Breast, and be granted him the time of his choice of Life, and afterwards to execute the time when he should die.

Thou great Commander of Celestial moving Powers, convert the cruel motions of my Father's mind into a spring of great tears, that they may wash away the blood of this innocent Knight, from the habitation of his damned purple bowels. O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, within whose Bosoms live a Wilderness of Tygers, and generate from Nature's kind, more cruel than the hungry Cannibals, and more savage than the unhuman Satyrs, what monstrous Deeds can pump forth from where dwell the Images of the Nobility, the very Images of Knight-hood, and yet despise a noble soul? No, no, before my hand shall be stamp'd with Christian Blood, I





## The Honourable History of the

disguised sort in her presence, and he his Lohen true Champion, against all Champions. So gathering certain Black berries from the Trees he coloured his Robe all over like a Blackman: but yet considering that his Countrey Speech would discover him, interwove likewise to continue dumb all the time of his Residence in Jerusalem.

So all things ordered according to his desire; he took his Journey to the City, where with signs and other motions of dumbness he declared his intent, which was to be entertained in the Court, and to spend his time in the Service of the King. Whose Countenance when the King beheld, which seemed of the natural colour of the Snow, he little mistrusted him to be the Christian Champion whom before he greatly prized, but accounted him one of the basest of all men, and thought that ever his eye beheld; therefore he installed him with the honour of knighthood, and appointed him to be one of his Guards, and likewise his Daughters Tutor. At which when Don James of Spain saw himself included in this dishonourable place, his soul was ravished with such exceeding joy that he thought no creature comparable to him, no place of Exile but the Court of Jerusalem, and no company but his beloved Camilla.

Long continued he dumb, casting forth many a loving sigh in the presence of his Lady and Mistress, not knowing how to reveal the secrets of his mind.

So upon a time, there arrived in the Court of Nebuzardan the King of Arabia, with the Admiral of Babylon, both premeditating upon the Love of Camilla, and resolving her in the way of Honour to give, but she rejected all their motions of Love, and her chief study, only holding her Habits upon the Spanish, which were first imposed on her in his own Chamber.

At which melancholy motions her impetuous Rancour, the King of Arabia, and the Admiral of Babylon marvellously were interested upon an Evening to present her with some rare Jewels of Spain. So coming out at a window she saw a number of Knights, of which number the King of Arabia was one, and the Admiral of the Drail, the great Admiral of Babylon, and the Governor and her own Champion, Don James of Spain, who was called at that time by the name of the Dumb Knight, in this manner the King

first craved a most excellent Consort or spouse, after them the Admiral of Babylon, in words of Gold, and most curious language, desired, and wished to be made acquainted with her, as for the King of Arabia, he craved to be made acquainted with her, as for the King of Arabia, he craved to be made acquainted with her, as for the King of Arabia, he craved to be made acquainted with her.



## Selen's Champd'ns of Chrifendom.

whereof hung a Silver Globe, and upon the point was erected a Golden Crown: Then the Mufick founded another Courfe, of which the Admiral of Babylon was Leader, who prefented her with a Mixture of pure Silk, of the colour of the Blush, and brought in the Diamond, Ruby, and Emerald: which being done, the Mufick founded the third time, in which courfe St. James's Emulation, was the Leader of the Dance, who, at the end thereof prefented Celestine with a Garland of Sweet Flowers, which was brought in by the three Graces, and put upon her head. Afterwards the Christian Emulation intending to discover himself unto his Lady and Miftrefs, took her by the right hand, and led her to the Dance, which was no longer finished, but he offered her the Diamond Ring which he gave him at his departure in the Morning, the which she gratefully knew by the Stone, and shortly after had intelligence of his long continued Dumbness, his counterfeit Mourning, his mourning of Nature, and the great danger he put himself to for her sake: which caused her with all the speed she could possibly make to break off Company, and to retire into a Chamber which she had by, where the same Evening she had a long Conference with her true and faithful Lover and adventurous Champion: and to conclude, they made some agreement betwixt them, that the same night unknown to any in the Court, she had Jerusalem adieu, and by the light of Cynthia's glittering Beams stole from her Father's Palace, where in company of none but St. James, she took her Journey towards the Countrey of Spain. But this Noble Knight by Policy prevented all ensuing Dangers, for he shod his Horse backward, whereby when they were mist in the Court, they might be followed the contrary way.

By this means escaped the two Lovers from the Fury of the Jews, and arrived safely in Spain, in the City of Sevil, wherein the brave Champion St. James was born: where now we leave them for a time to their own contented minds. Also passing over the hurry-burly in Jerusalem for the loss of Celestine, the vain pursuits of adventurous Knights, in stopping the Ports and Havens, the preparing of fresh Horse to follow them, and the mustering of Soldiers to pursue them, the frantic passions of the King for his Daughter, the melancholy moan of the Admiral of Babylon for his Miftrefs, and the woeful Lamentation of the Arabian King, for his Lady and Lover: we will return to the Adventures of the other Christian Champions.

# The Honourable History of the

## CHAPTER VI

The terrible Battle between St. Anthony the Champion of Italy,  
and the Giant Blanderion, and afterwards of the strange Enter-  
tainment in the Giant's Castle, by a Turkish Lady, and what  
happened to him in the same Castle.

IT was the same time of the year when the Earth was newly  
deck'd with the Summer's Cloths, when the noble and renowned  
valiant Champion St. Anthony of Italy arriv'd in Thrace, having  
beaten his seven years Travels to the Frontiers of his Country,  
the City of Cusa, and to his own dear native Country: he then  
he had beaten through Waves and Tempests, by Hills and  
Valleys, by Seas and Rivers, and other numerous Perils, he ar-  
riv'd at last upon the top of a high and steep Mountain, where  
was a wonderful huge and strong Castle, which was kept by the  
most mighty Giant under the name of Blanderion, whose valiant force  
all Thrace could not overcome, nor dare attempt to molest him, but  
with the danger of their whole Country. The Giant's name  
was Blanderion, his Castle of the green Marble Stone, his Gates of  
yellow Brass, and over the principal Gate were graven these  
following words.

Within this Castle lives the Savage of Kings,

A furious Giant, whose conquest's Power

The Thracian Mountain in Subjection bears,

And keeps his Daughters Prisoners in his Power:

Seven Damfels all this monstrous Giant keeps,

That sing him Maids while he Nightly sleeps.

This bars of Steel a thousand Knights have felt,

Which for their Virgins sake have lost their Lives:

For all the Champions bold that with him dealt,

This most intestine Giant still survives:

Let simple Passengers take heed because,

When up this steep Mountain they do climb,

## Seven Champions of Christendom.

But Knights of worth and Men of Noble Mind,  
Of any chance to Travel by this Tower,  
That for these Maidens sake will be so kind,  
To try their strength against the Giant's power,  
I shall have a Virgin's Prayer both Day and Night,  
To Proper them with good successful Fight.

After he had thus incited them over the Gate, desire of  
fame to incourage him, and the thirst of Honour to embolden his  
valiant mind, that he might becom to revenge those Ladies from  
their captivity, as his last reason for the duty of the Giant. So  
going to the Castle Gate, he knock'd in vehemently thereon, with  
the buttend of his lance, that it sounded like a Thunder-clap:  
whereupon the Giant, being up being call'd after, came by a  
passage that, and came passing forth of the Gate, with his  
iron spear in hand: when at the sight of the Italian Champion he  
highly marvelled at about his person, as though it had been a little  
child, and with these words gave the Giant Champion cheer-  
ful welcome.

What force hath incited thy overbold mind (saith the Giant)  
that doth thus set thy face to fight against the violence of my strong  
arm? I tell thee good that the strength of Hercules, who bore  
the Ethiopian Atlas on his shoulders, or the policy of Ulysses by  
which the City of Troy was vanquish'd, or the might of Xerxes  
which overthrowed the Kings as they pass'd, or all his  
brave host, only meeting, to encounter with the might of my  
handsome arm, the force of mine arm as a staff of wood, and the strokes  
as a storm of water: therefore beate this is the weapon  
which I compare to a Batrach, for on this ground both I meet  
thereout the Giant, and also eat the little Dwarf without any  
handy handling when this day I shall.

Thus heate the valiant Giant upon his own strength.  
During which time, the valiant and brave Champion had stand  
on from his Chamber where after he had made his humble supplication  
on to the Heaven for his good luck, and commended his prayer  
to the imperial Queen of Bohemia, he appeareth before the  
saint's reach, with both his great Oak to render thanks to him with  
sacred hymns: where, that day heath to take the Giant, and to  
raise against the wall of the Castle his mighty hammer, which  
was become the richest thing in the world, from the shop  
of the smith he had been bought as much as that which the  
every thing the day before, he met at his shop where at the first



# The Honourable History of the

two or three inches into the Ground. But such was the Wisdom and Policy of the worthy Champion, not to withstand the force of his Weapon, till the Giant grew breathless, and not able through his long labour to lift the Oak above his head, and likewise the heat of the Sun was so intolerable (by reason of the extream height of the Mountain, and the mighty height of his Iron Coat) that the sweat of the Giant's brows ran into his eyes, and by reason he was so extream fat, he grew so blind, that he could not see to endure Combat with him any longer, and so he did as he could perceive, much like a blind man, and such was his last blow, that the Italian Champion, in his last Courage, flung the Giant to the earth, that he fell down under his great fall, and stand gasping for breath, which made that Noble Knight to bestow with a fresh supply, resembling the Sun, for his recovery, and he fell on the Giant's Armour like a rock, who with that blow, however it did wonders, was compelled to ask the Champion to have him to crabe at his hands from revenge of something, and the other was in pain, for the Italian Knight's Armour was so hot, that it cost him the honour of the day: and therefore crabe was his name. But redoubled blow after blow, till the Giant for want of breath, and through the anguish of his deep gashes was forced to give the Knight a farewell, and so paid the Italian his due. Came to the most renowned Conqueror Sir Anthony the Champion of the day. But by that time the long and dangerous Quarrell was finished, and the Giant Blander's blood was diffused through his Body, the Sun late mounted on the highest part of the Mountains, which caused the day to be extream hot and weary, the Champion's Armour so heated him, that he was constrained to embrace his Conqueror, and to lay aside his Burgonet, and to cast his Weapon on the cold Earth, only to mitigate his over-burdened heat. But this was the unseasonable episode of the Earth, and so instantly to his over-laboured Body, that the intense heat of his inward parts was cooled suddenly, whereby his Body received such unnatural Distemper, that the Vapours of the Earth struck presently to his heart, by which his power of Life expired: and he lay without sense or motion: where at the instant pale Death on her bereaved of being by the force of an hour, and so he lay till the

During which time Sir Holmwood, one of the Daughters of the Thracian King, being as then dwelling in the Castle, by chance came over the walls, and seeing the body of the Giant headless, under whose armour she had consumed in great admiration, for the time of seven months, likewise by him's Knight overthrown on the spot, she standing for breath, for which she was bound to be







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of the Castle, till the Lady Rowland all the morning was busied  
in doing to his death, preparing Hell-fires for his death, and in  
making a fire against his uprising, where after he had reached  
his weary steps another beauty, Samuels, and mounted down him  
on three Boulders of Goshawk Mine, he after by the advice of Ro-  
land, stripped the Gyant from his Iron Furniture, and left his  
naked body upon a raggy Rock, to be adoured of hungry Rabbits,  
which being done, the Arabian Prince discovered all the Castle to  
the adventurous Champion: first he led him to a Heaven Palace,  
where hung a hundred wall-applauded Conies, with other Oriental  
Furniture, which were the Toys of such thoughts as he had vio-  
lently slain; after that he brought him to a Marble Chamber,  
where a diamond pavement shone, in which he upon kneeling and  
praising God, again it was opened, placed the Gyant's dead body  
upon it, his Head as of Iron, looked hideously, black as coal,  
the skin as of covering of carbon Stone, the Carvings were of  
leaves of Gold, and the rest was strange and wonderful, and  
of the colour of the Chamber itself. He then led him to a Hall  
Pavil, of Silver, more clear than White Silver, the floor  
covered for continually as smooth as Crystal, and very clean, the  
wall white Shams, with Carvings of silver about their heads, on

Oh here said the Arabian Prince, begin the Hall of all my Grief,  
In which words a shower of pearls down ran from the Ceiling  
to the floor, that for a time they laid the passage of her feet, and  
the Gyant discharged her heart from all her sorrows, and she  
wept in this manner to all her faithful servants, saying,

Thou milk-white Swan, thou Honourable Knight, thou  
bold, growing on this River (quoth the Lady Rowland) be my  
natural Sisters, both by Birth and Blood, and all Daughters to  
the King of Egypt, being now Governor of this unhappy Coun-  
try, and the beginning of our misadventure began in this dolor-  
ous manner.

The King my Father, ordained a Game hunting to be holden  
thro' the Land, in which honourable pastime, my self, in Com-  
pany of my six Sisters was present. So in the middle of our  
sport, when the Lords and Ladies of Egypt were at Chase af-  
ter a hungry the Lion, the Heaven suddenly opened, and  
the Firmament over us, and a general darkness covered the face  
of the whole Earth: then presently rose up a storm of Light-  
ning and Thunder, as though Heaven and Earth had met together:  
by which our six Sisters, of Angles and Rivers were sepa-  
rated, one from another, and the poor Ladies forced to seek for

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helter under the bottom of this high and steep Mountain, where when this Great Giant Blunderer slipped on, as he walked upon his Battlements, he suddenly descended the Mountain, and fell as all under his Arm up into the Lake, where ever since we have lived in great levitude, and for this wonderful transformation of my five Sisters then, it came to pass as followeth.

When a time the Spirit being overbearing with sinners, girded  
himself upon our liberties, and desired fully to crush the pres-  
ence of our Virginities, even excellent places, statute is influenced  
in them with lust, that he would have forced us every one to  
leave his faithful wives, he took up his soldiers one by one into  
his Kingdom, thinking to defeat them but their valour is never  
to be overcome in the sight of God, that he perceived that a nation  
of such brave and monstrous spirits, and named their country  
the land of the sons of milk-white Indians; when in the end  
there was a day, and for them following on the when the Spirit  
came forth, that the intent was good, and when there was none  
to be seen to jump the word, but the word made him be restrained  
of his own lust, and following on the word with any kind of  
fear, but kept his own since a true pure Virgin, only with their  
innocent souls to bring him to perfection.

How have you heard I met (Frank Knight) - the true effluence  
of our world, unhappy fortune, and the murderer of the  
man of the lot of them, who has written down in the last  
chapter of all things, and who has done the most of all  
the radical elements, not able to find the most of all  
whereas the Knight being convicted then with the  
March 1907 about the Knight's death, and this is the only  
one of the Knight's death, and this is the only one of the Knight's death.

heart and mind leap within whose countenance of the bird  
glance is suspended, and in whose mind lives true Magnanimity  
in that few words suffice to comfort the sorrowful cogitations.  
I think that the Beaters are most beneficial unto thee, in pre-  
serving thy Charity from the Spirit's insatiate desires: there is  
the security by thy means from the Devil's ferocious thoughts  
and lusts that thou remaining in the spiritual shore and a wonder  
may use to be the means of the Spirit's Transmutation: there  
thou dost see their Capital darkened eyes, and see the long continued  
sacredness above the Spirit in conjunction with Heaven, and the  
last a picture of the Kingdom of God.

Thus the small Parkan, following through by Charles & Louise, who after one and a half years in India to travel to her father's Country, there to visit him and

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and to her Sisters in the Castle, likewise the Giant's confusion, and his own late deliverance by the illustrious promise of the Christian Knight. So taking the Keys of the Castle, which were in a wonderful vault, they locked up the Gates, and were bound in iron manacles, the great Sebastian, full of rage, approached the Christian Knight, which was distant from the Castle some ten miles; but at that time they had a sight of the Palace, the Sun was shining in the inner courts, and the light of Heaven late shined up in clouds of which the which not a little discontented the King's Daughters, but at last coming to her Father's Gate, they heard a solemn sound of bells ringing the funeral knell of some noble Prince; the cause of which instant ringing they demanded of the Porter, who in this manner revealed the truth of the matter to them.

Our Lady and most Renowned Knight (said the Porter) for so you seem, belike by your speeches and honourable demands, the cause of this Ringing is, for the last of the King's seven Daughters, the number of which Bells be seven, called after the Names of the seven Princesses, which never yet have ceased their hallooed melody, since the departure of the unhappy Ladies, nor have shall, until joyful News be heard of their late return.

Then how their task be ended (said the noble Knight) I am glad for we have happy News of the seven Princesses, who were so long in the Tower being ravished with the malignant and to the point, and caused the Bells to cease, whereof the King of France being a great Lover, and hearing the Bells to cease their wonted melody, his heart was carried up from his former seat, and like a Man amazed ran to the Palace Gate, where he found his Daughter, so alone in company of a strange Knight; which when he beheld, his joy is expressed, that he leaped in his Daughter's bosom, but being recovered to his former sense, he brought them up into his Palace Wall, where their Entertainment was so honourable and so gracious in the eyes of the whole Court, that it were too tedious and over-long to describe; but their joy continued but a short season, for it was presently dashed with Roland's Tragical Discourse: for the good old King when he heard of his Daughters Transformations, and how they lived in the midst of cruel, hateful Demons, he sent his Lords of his best Knights, which time had over with the pledge of his own: his rich embroidered garments he tore in many pieces, and clad his aged limbs in a tunic, black and sable mantle, as discontented then as the good King of Troy when he beheld his dear Son dragged by the main of his hair to the altar of the gods: sorrow, said in this



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Part of the Road up and down the street: And he commanded that  
 his Knights and Adventurous Champions, instead of mourning  
 Remour, should bear the signs of Death, more black in  
 hue than Winter's darkest night: And all the Court Ladies and  
 gallant Thracian Maidens, instead of Sorrowful Lamentation, he com-  
 manded to wear both heavy, sad, and melancholy Countenances, such  
 even as unto a solemn Funeral, to attend him to the Grave: And  
 there continually to utter up unto the angry Heavens  
 many a bitter sigh and tear, in remembrance of his many dear  
 Daughters: which Decree of the furious Thracian King was per-  
 formed with all convenient speed: for the next morning no longer  
 had Phobus call his Beauty into the King's Bed-chamber, but he  
 apparelled himself in Mourning Garments, and in company of his  
 Melancholy Train set forward to his wonted Pilgrimage. But  
 here we must not forget the valiant-minded Champion of Italy,  
 nor the noble-minded Rosalinde, who at the King's departure for-  
 sook the Castle, craved leave to stay behind, and not so suddenly  
 to begin new Travels: whereunto quickly the King consented;  
 considering their late Journey the Evening before: And taking the  
 Castle Keys from the Champion, he had his Palace walled, and  
 committed his Fortune to his sorrowful Journey: where he sought  
 him in world of discontented Passions, and a whole discourse of  
 heart given to the Chastity Champion and his beloved Lady:  
 for by that time the Dukes their mothers did also in with  
 her sorrowful State, and thence his Father did command to the  
 Duke, the Duke's Knight, and others of his long continued  
 State, and thought it a great dishonour to be denied to his  
 dear Son, to remain where sorrowful Champion's love  
 him distressed, and desired rather to abide in a Court full of  
 tales the hollow murmuring of Flatterers, than to hear the joyful  
 sound of Organs and Trumpets made to hear: therefore he  
 took Rosalinde by the hand, being then in a room full of  
 ladies, and made the Noble Knight in this manner speech: but he  
 did not hear.

My most devoted Lady and Mistress (I am the Champion) I re-  
 ceive thee for thy Love, I stain to cleave for thy beauty, be-  
 lieve's compare for Constancy, and for Chastity, the wonder of  
 all Maids: the faithful Love that hitherto I have found since my  
 arrival, for ever shall be stored in my heart, and before all I  
 dies under the cope of Heaven, thou shalt live and die my Love's  
 true Goddess: and for thy sake I'll stand as Champion against all  
 Knights in the World: but to impair the Honour of my Knight-  
 hood.

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hood, and to live like a Carpet-Dancer in the Lap of Easier (I will not) though I can tune a Lute in a Prince's Chamber, I can sound a fierce Alarm in the Field. Honour calls me forth, dear Rosalinde, and Fame intends to buckle on my Armour, which now lies rusting in the idle Court of Truce. Therefore I am constrained (though most unwillingly) to leave the common table-light of thy Beauty, and commit my Fortune to long Travels; but I prove, wherever I become, or in what Region soever I be harboured, there will I maintain the loss of my Life, that both thy Love, Constancy, Beauty, and Chastity, may pass for all Names abed: and with this promise, my most Divine Rosalinde, I bid thee farewell. But before the honourable Champions could finish their purpose to part, the Lady being inclosed in her's rich curtains, cried out, who to bid me to leave my Beauty? but both came falling from her eyes. Take of his speech in this manner: *My Lord, I have been told, that Sir Knight of the Shield by whom my Beauty has been obtained; the name of Lady and his name, wherewith you entitle me, is too high and proud a Name; but rather call me hand-maid, or servile Slave, for only my Noble Person will I evermore attend. It is not Thyself can harbour me when thou art absent, and before I do forsake thy company and kind fellowship, Heaven shall be no Heaven, the Sea no Sea, nor the Earth no Earth; but if thou provest unconstant, as Julus did to Scilla, who for his sake stole her Fathers Purple Hat, whereof depended the safety of his Country, or like wandering Aeneas forsake the Queen of Carthage, these tender and soft hands of mine shall never be unclasped, but hang on thy Horse-bridle till my Body like Theseus's Son be dashed in sunder against hard flinty Stone: Therefore forsake me not, dear Knight of Christendom. If ever Camilla proved true to her Minotaur, or Ilionea to her Lover, Rosalinde will be as true to thee: so with this plighted Promise she caught him fast about the Neck, from whence she would not uncloset her Hands till he had vow'd by the Honour of true Chivalry, to make her sole Companion, and only Partner of his Travels: and so in this order it was accomplished.*

They being both agreed, she was most trimly attired like a Page in green Barbet, her Hair bound up most cunningly with a Silk Lint, artificially wrought with curious knots, that she might Travel without suspicion of blemish or Honour; her Rapiers was a Turkish Blade, and her Bouvard of the finest fashion, which





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## CHAPTER VII

How St. George, the Champion of Scotland, Travell'd into a Vale  
of Walking Spiders, and how he was set at Liberty by a going  
Fire, after his Journey into Thracia, where he recovered the  
Six Ladies to their natural Shapes, that had lived seven Years in  
the likeness of milk-white Swans, with other Accidents that be-  
fell the most Noble Champion.

[illegible]



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Imaginations entered into the Champion's mind. So encouraging himself with his own conceits, and cheering up his dull senses, late oppressed with excessive fear, he directly followed the going fire, which so justly went before him, that by that time the gilder of the night had finished twelve Degrees in the Zodiac, he was safely delivered from the State of walking Spirits, by the direction of the going fire.

Now began the Sun-to-dance about the firmament, which he had not seen in many months before, whereat his soul felt much rejoiced, being long covered before with darkness, that every step he trode, was as pleasurable, as though he had walked in a Garden bedecked with all kind of fragrant flowers.

[illegible]

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thereby to appease the angry Destinies, and to recover the unhappily Lanes to their former shape: upon Wednesday, clad in Garments after the Mithras, a colour like to the Waves of the Sea, they offered up their tears to the Moon, being the guide and Mistress of that day: Upon Thursday like Gauls trailing their banners in the Dust, and Drums sounding Lab and doleful melody, in sign of Discontent, they committed their proceedings to the pleasures of Mars, being Ruler and Guide of that Day: Upon Friday like Scholars unto Mercury: Upon Saturday like Deceitful, to Love: Upon Sunday like Lovers with sweet sounding Dulcick to Venus: and upon Saturday like manual professors, to the angry and discontented Saturn.

Thus the whole Thracian King, and his sorrowful Subjects, continued seven Months away, one while sacrificing Fortune of destiny, another while the Feathers of Minerva: the one for his Children's Transformations, the other for their long limited Punishments. But at last when the Scottish Champion heard what bitter mean the Thracians made about the River, he demanded the cause, and to what purpose they observed such Ceremonies, concerning the Safety of Jehovah, and only Misshipping but outward and vain Gods: to whom the King, after a few sad tears Tears strained from the Conduits of his aged Eyes, Replied in this manner.

Good Noble Knight, for so you seem by your gesture and other outward appearance, (quoth the King,) if you desire to know the cause of our continual grief, prepare your ears to hear a Tragick and wofull tale, whereas methinks I see the Elements begin to mourn, and cover their azure countenance with sable Clouds: These Milk-white Swans you see, whose Necks are beautified with Golden Crowns, are my six natural Daughters, transformed into this Swan-like Substance, by the appointment of the God's: for of late this Castle was kept by a cruel Giant, named Blanderson, who by violence would have Raviſhed them, but the Feabres to preserve their Chastities, prevented his Lushful Deires: and transformed their beautiful bodies to these milk-white Swans: and now seven years the chearful Spring hath renewed the Earth with a Summer's Liberty, and seven times the nipping Winter Frosts have bereaved the Trees of Leaf and Bud, since first my Daughters lost their Virgin-shape: when Summers have they swam upon this Crystal Stream, where instead of Rich Ruffs, and embroidered Elements, they smock Silver-coloured Feathers upon their comely Bodies: whence they go, wherein they were wont, like tripping Sea-Nymphs, to dance their measures up and

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beeh, are now exchanged into cold streams of tears: wherein their chiefest melody is the murmuring of cold liquid bubbles, and their joyfull pleasure to hear the harmony of humming Bees, which some Poets call the Bristle Birds.

Thus have you heard (most worthy Knight) the wooll Page, one of my Daughters, do whole when I will spend the remainder of my days heavily, complaining of their long appointed Exilements, about the Banks of this unwholesome River. Which labours course was no longer ended, but the same Knight (having a mind furnished with all Princely thoughts, and a tongue warble in the Fountain of Eloquence) thus replied, to the comfort and great rejoicing of the Company.

Most Noble King (worthy the Champion) your hearty and dolorous discourse hath constrained my heart to a wonderful passion and compelled my very soul to the pain of Daughters miseries. But gives greater grief and deeper sorrows than that, which hath possessed me of my breath, whereby my eyes have been bewetted, and my ears unhappy hearers of your miseries. I mean your unchristian Faith: For I have seen since my fall arrived into this land, how the, your Prophane and vain worship of strange and false Gods, as of Phebus, Luce, Mars, Mercury, and such like Poetical Fancies, which the Palace of high Jehovah utterly contemns. But magnificent Governour of Thracia, if you seek to recover your Daughters by humble prayer, and to obtain your soul's content by true tears, you must abandon all such vain Ceremonies, and with true humility believe in the Christian's God, which is the God of Monarchs, and chief Commander of the ruling Elements, in whose handes this unconquered Iem, and this undomined heart of mine shall fight: and how be it known to the great King of Thrace, that I am a Christian Champion, by birth a Knight of Scotland, braving my Country's Arms upon my Breast, (for indeed thereon he bore a Silver Cross, set in blue Silk) and therefore in the honour of Chastity, I Challenge forth the proudest Knight at Arms, against whom I will maintain that our God is the true God, and the rest fantastical and vain Ceremonies.

Which words and unexpected Challenge, so daunted the Thracian Champions, that they stood amazed for a time, gazing upon one another, like men dropped from the Clouds: but at last comforting together, both the Challenge of the strange Knight was to the dishonour of their Country, and utter scandal of all Knights Dignity: they with a general consent craved leave of the King, that the Challenge might be taken, who as willingly condescended as they demanded. So both time and place was appointed, which



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which was the next morning following, by the King's Commandment, upon a large and plain Meadow close by the River-side, whereon the six Champions were swimming, whereupon after the Christian Champion had cast down his heavy Gauntlet, and the Thracian Knight accepted thereof, every one departed for that night, the Challenger to the East-side of the Castle to his Lodging, and the Defendants to the West, where they kept quietly till the next morning, who by the break of day, were awakened by a Herald of Arms: but all the previous night, our Scottish Champion never entertained one motion of rest, but busied himself in trimming his Horse, buckling on his Armour, lacing on his Burgonet, and making prayers to the Divine Majesty of God, for the Conquest and Victory, till the opening's beauty chased away the darkness of the Night, and no longer were the Windows of the day full opened, but the valiant and noble-minded Champion of Christendom entered the Hall, where the King in company of the Thracian Lords was present to behold the Combat: and so after St. Andrew had done as they traced his Horse up and down the Lists, bade him flourish his Lance, at the top whereof hung a Pendant of Gold, whose Poetic was thus written in Silver Letters, This day a Martyr or a Conqueror. Then entered a Knight in exceeding bright Armour, mounted upon a Courser as white as the Northern Snow, whose Caparison was of the colour of the Clematis, betwixt whom was a fierce Encounter: but the Thracian had the foil and with dagger departed the List. Then secondly, entered another Knight in Armour, furnished with green Tarnish, his Spear of the colour of an Iron-grey: who likewise had the reule by the word Christian. Thirdly, entered a Knight in a black Courser, mounted upon a bay-armed Palfrey, covered with a black robe, with in his hand he bore a Lance nailed round about with plates of Steel: which Knight amongst the Thracians was accounted the strongest in the World, except it were those Giants that descended from a monstrous Lineage: but no longer encountered their hardy Champions, but their Lances shivered in splinter, and flew so violently into the Air, that it much amazed the beholders, then they slipped from their spears, and so valiantly bestowed them with their steel Fustions, that the steel spears flew as far as their noble Champions' steel Helmets, as from an Iron Squall: But the Combat endured not long, before the most famous Scottish Knight reaped an advantage, whereon he made show his matchless Fortitude: whereupon he struck such a mighty Blow upon the Thracian's Burgonet, that it cleaved his head full down to his shoulders: whereat the King suddenly started from his Seat, and



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with a wrathful countenance threatned the Champions Death in this manner.

Proud Chustian (said the King) thou shalt repent his death, and curse the time that ever thou camest to Thracia: his blood we will revenge upon thy head, and quit thy committed cruelty with a sudden death: and so in company of a hundred Armed Knights he encompassed the Scottish Champion, intending by multitudes to murder him. But when the valiant Knight St. Andrew saw how he was surrounded by Treachery, and environed with mighty Troops, he called to Heaven for succour, and animated himself by these words of encouragement: Now for the honour of Christendom, This day a Martyr or a Conqueror: and therewithal he so valiantly behaved himself with his Cuttle-Axe, that he made Lanes of murdered Men, and felled them down by multitudes like as the Partell men do mow down Ears of ripened Corn, whereby they fell before his face like leaves, from trees when the Summer's Rinde declines her Gloss. So at the last after much bloodshed, the Thracian King was compelled to yield to the Scottish Champions Mercy, who swore him for the safety of his Life, to forsake his Pagan Religion, and become a Christian, whose living true God the Thracian King bowed for evermore to worship, and thereupon he kissed the Champion's Blood.

This Conversion of the Pagan King, so pleased the Majesty of God, that he presently gave, and to his Daughters punishments, and turned the Ladies to their former shapes. But when the King beheld their smooth Feathers, which were as white as Lillies, exchanged to natural fainnels, and that their black Bills and slender Beaks were converted to their first created Beauty: (where for eternal thanks the Queen of Love might build her Paradise) he had adieu to his grief and long continued sorrows, professing ever after to continue a true Christian for the Scottish Champion's sake, by whom and by whose Divine Orders, his Daughters obtained their former Features: so taking the Christian Knight in company of the six Ladies, to an excellent Rich Chamber prepared with all things according to their wishes, where first the Christian Knight was unarmed, then his wounds washed with Whitewine, new Silk, and Rose-water, and so after some dainty Repast, conveyed to his night's Rest. The Ladies being the joyfullest Creatures under Heaven, never entertained one thought of sleep, but passed the night in their Father's company, (whose mind was ravished with unpeakable pleasures) till the morning's messengers had them wakened.

Thus

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Thus all things being prepared in a readines, they departed the Castle, not like Bourners to a heavy Funeral, but in triumphing manner, marching back to the Thracian Palace, with streaming Banners in the Wind, Drums and Trumpets sounding joyful Melody, and with sweet inspiring Musick, caused the Air to resound with Harmony: But no sooner were they entered the Palace which was in distance from the Syant's Castle, some ten miles, but their Triumphs turned to exceeding Mourne, for Rosalinde with the Champion of Italy, as you have heard before, was departed the Court; which unexpected news so daunted the whole company, but especially the King, that the Triumphs for that time were deserted, and Gentingers were dispatched in pursuit of the Adventurous Italian, and lovely Rosalinde.

Likewise when St. Andrew of Scotland had intelligence how it was one of those Knights which was Impaled with him under the wicked Enchanters Kaia, as you heard in the first beginning of the Pilgrimage, his heart thrilled for his most honourable company, and his eyes seldom closed quietly, nor took any rest, untill he was likewise departed in the pursuit of his sworn Friend, which was the next night following, without making any acquaintance with his intent: Likewise when the six Ladies understood the secret departure of the Scottish Champion, whom they esteemed dearer than any Knight in the World, they dozed themselves with sufficient Treasure, and by stealth took their Journeys from their Father's Palace, intending either to find out the Champions and accompany Knight of Scotland, or to end their Lives in some Foreign Region.

The Rumour of whose Departure, no sooner came to the King's Ears, but he purposed the like Travel, either to regain the sight of his Daughters again, or to make his Tomb beyond the circuit of the Sun. So arming himself in homely Ruffet, like a Pilgrim, with an Ebony Staff in his hand, tipped with Silver, took his Journey all unknown from his Palace, whose sudden and secret departure struck such an extreme and intolerable heaviness in the Court, that the Palace Gates, were sealed up with Lable mourning cloth, the Thracian Lords exempted all pleasure, and like Flocks of Sheep crept up and down without Shepherd, the Ladies and Courtly Gentiles sat sighing in their private Chambers; where we will leave them for this time, and speak of the success of the other Champions, and how Fortune smiled on their Adventurous Deeds.

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## C H A P. VIII.

How St. Patrick, the Champion of Ireland, Redeemed the six  
Theban Ladies out of the hands of thirty bloody-minded Sa-  
tyrs, and of their purposed Travel in a Pursuit after the Cham-  
pion of Scotland.

**B**UT now of that valiant and hardy Knight at Arms, St. Pa-  
trick the Champion of Ireland, most illustrious, whose Adven-  
tures were so nobly performed, that if my Pen were  
made of Steel, I should wear it to the stump to declare his  
Deeds, and his Adventures. When he departed from the  
Green Hall, from the other Champions, the Heavens smiled  
with a kind Aspect, and sent him such a Star to be his Guide,  
that it led him to no Courtly pleasures, nor to vain delights, but  
to the Throne of Fame, where Honour late enstalled upon a Seat  
of Gold. Further Travell'd the Maritime Champion of Ireland,  
whose illustrious Battels the Northern Isles have Chronicled in  
leaves of Brays: Therefore Ireland be proud, for from the Nobles  
did spring a Champion, whose Deeds made the Enemies of  
Christ to tremble, and water'd the Earth with streams of Pagans  
Blood: whereof the Isle of Rhodes, the key and strength  
of Constantinople, was recovered from the Turks, by his martial  
and invincible Deeds; where his dangerous Battels, fierce  
Encounters, bloody skirmishes, and long Marches would serve  
to fill a mighty Volume, all which I pass over, and wholly dis-  
count of things appertaining to this History. For after the Illustrious  
Knight of Constantinople had Rhodes farewell, being then strongly fortifi-  
ed with Christian Soldiers, and took his Journey through many  
an unknown Country, where at last, it pleased so the Will of  
Chance, to lead his steps into a solitary Wilderness, inhabited  
only by wild Satyrs, and a People of inhumane Qualities; giv-  
ing them wicked minds only to Murders, Lust, and Rapine: where  
the Noble Champion Travell'd up and down many a weary  
Day, not knowing how to satisfy his hunger, but by his own in-  
dustry in killing of Menison, and dressing out the flesh between two  
flat stones, and daily roasted it by the heat of the Sun, his Lodging  
was in the hollow Trunk of a Blasted Tree, which nightly prefer-  
red him from the dropping Showers of Heaven, his chief Compani-  
ons



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and were never rebounding Catches, which commonly re-answered  
the Champions words.

In this manner lived St. Patrick the Irish Knight, in the woods,  
not knowing how to set himself at Liberty, but wandering in and  
about as it were in a maze wrought by the curious backsliding of  
some excellent Gardiner, it was his chance at last to come into a  
distant thorny Whicket, beset about with hallow Whistles, a piece of  
hedge, wherein he heard the cries of some distressed Ladies, whose  
bitter lamentations seemed to pierce the Clouds, and to crave the  
cour of the hands of God, which unrepented cries not a little daunted  
the Irish Knight, so that it caused him to prepare his weapon in  
readiness against some sudden encounter: so crouching himself un-  
der the Root of an old withered Oak (which had not flourished  
with green leaves many a year) he espied afar off, a crowd of bloody-  
minded Bawds, halting by the hair of the head for sundry Reasons,  
though many a thorny broke and bayonet, whereby the beauty of their  
crimson cheeks, was all besprent with purple gore, and their eyes  
(which in whose clear Glasses one might behold the God of Heavens  
dancing) all so be rent and torn by the fury of the Whistles,  
whereby they could not see the light of Heaven, nor the place of  
their unfortunate abiding: which awful spectacle forced such a ter-  
ror in the heart of the Irish Knight, that he presently gave out for  
the Rescue of the Ladies, to Redeem them from the fury of the  
merciless Bawds, which were in number about some thirty,  
every one having a Club upon his Back, which they had made of  
the Roots of young Oaks and Pine-trees; yet this adventurous  
Champion being nothing discouraged, but with a Bold and Re-  
solvent Spirit, let drive at the furthest Bawd, whose Armour of  
Defence was made of a Bull's hide, which was held to him  
against the Side, that the Champion's Curlew Ar. he dashed her  
after which he fell she was encompassed the Champion might round  
about, and so suddenly dashed him with down-right blows, that  
he was forced to hold his line tight under the thought of a thousand  
times, his life has been forced to give the blood a green face,  
that such was the numberless and awful blows, that for long  
heathed his hard-pointed Paragon in one of the Bawds' eyes,  
which wound hath caused all the rest to lie from his presence, and  
left the Irish Knight to the pleasure and disposition of the most  
brave and valiant Christian Champion.

After he had sufficiently breath'd, and cald himself in the  
chill air (being almost without through the long Encounter and  
bloody Struggle) he demanded the cause of the Ladies' Tri-  
bels, and by what means they hapned into the hands of those mer-  
ciless



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ciless Batters, who Cruelly and Tyrannically attempted the Ruine and envious Spoil of their unsotted Virginities. To which courteous demand one of the Ladies, after a deep-breath sigh of Sorrow (being strained from the bottom of her most sorrowful heart) in the behalf of her self and the other distressed Ladies, replied in this order:

Know, brave minded Knight, that we are the unfortunate Daughters of the King of Thaze, whose Lives have been unhappy ever since our Births, for first we did endure a long Imprisonment under the hands of a Cruel Gyant, and after the Heavens to preserve our Chastities from the wicked desire of the said Gyant, transformed us into the shape of Swans, in which likeness we remained seven years, but at last recovered by a worthy Christian Knight, named St. Andrew the Champion of Scotland, after whom we have Travelled many a weary step, never crossed by any Violence, until it was our angry Fates to arrive in this unhappy Wilderness, where your eyes have been true witnesses of our Misfortunes. When this Discourse was no longer finished, but the Christian Champion thus began to comfort the distressed Ladies.

The Christian Champion after whom you take in hand this weary Travel (said the Irish Champion) is my approved Friend, for whose Company and wished-for Sight, I will go more weary miles than there be Trees in this vast Wilderness, and number my steps with the Sands hidden in the Seas: Therefore, most excellent Ladies, true Ornaments of Beauty, be sad Companions in my Travels, for I will never cease till I have found our Honourable Friend, the Champion of Scotland, or some of those brave Knights, whom I have not seen these seven Summers.

These words so contented the sorrowful Ladies, that without any exception they agreed, and with as much willingness consented as the Champion demanded. So after they had recreated themselves, eased their weariness, and cured their Wounds, which was by the secret Vertues of certain Herbs growing in the same Wood, they took their Journeys anew under the Conduct of this worthy Champion St. Patrick, where after some days Travel they obtained the sight of a broad beaten way, where committing their Fortunes to the Fatal Sisters, and setting their Faces toward the East, they merrily Journeyed together. In whose Fortunate Travels we will leave them, and speak of the seventh Christian Champion, whose Heroicall Exploits and Knightly Honours deserve a Golden Pen, and in End of true Fame to Discourse at Large.

# Seven Champions of Christendom

## CHAP. XIX

How St. David the Champion of Wales, flew the Count Palatine in the Tartarian Court, and after how he was sent to the Enchanted Garden of Dymandine, wherein by Magick Art he slept seven years.

That David the most Noble Champion of Wales, after his departure from the Brazen Pillar, whereat the other Champions of Christendom divided themselves severally to seek Foreign Adventures, he achieved many memorable things, as well in Christendom, as in those Countries that acknowledged no true God: which is for this time I omit, and only discourse what befell him to him among the Tartarians: for being in the Capital City of Tartary, which is a place very much honoured with Valorous Knights, highly adorned with a Train of Beautiful Ladies, where the Emperor upon a time Ordained a Holym Feast and Tournament to be holden in the Honour of his Birthday: whither resorted at the time appointed, (from all the Borders of Tartary) the best and the hardiest Knights then remaining. In which Honourable and Princely Exercise, the Noble Knight St. David was appointed Champion for the Emperor, who was Mounted upon a Maroon Horse, harness'd in a rich Caparison, wrought by the curious work of Indian Women, upon whose Shield was set a Golden Dragon rampant in a Field of Blue.

Against him came the Count Palatine, Son and Heir apparent to the Tartarian Emperor: brought in by twelve Knights, richly furnished with Habillaments of Honour, who paced three times about the Lists before the Emperor, and many Ladies that were present to behold the honourable Tournament. The which being done, the twelve Knights departed the Lists, and the Count Palatine prepared himself to Encounter with the Christian Knight, (being appointed chief Champion for the Day) who likewise prepared himself, and at the Drummer's Sound by the Herald's appointment, they ran so fiercely each against other, that the Ground seemed to shake under them, and the Sides to resound with their mighty strokes.

At the second Race the Champions ran, St. David had the worst, and was constrained through the forcible strength of the Count Palatine to lean backwards, almost beside his horse, whereat the Trumpets began to sound in sign of Victory: but yet the valiant Christian

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Christian nothing dismayed, but with a Courage (within whose eyes late Knightly Revenge) ran the third time against the Count Palatine, and by the Violence of his Strength, he overthrew both Horse and Man, whereby the Count's Body was so extremely wounded with the fall of his Horse, that his heart-bloud issued forth by his mouth, and his vital spirits pressed from the mansion of his breast, so that he was forced to give the World Farewell.

This fatal Overthrow of the Count Palatine, abashed the whole Company, but especially the Tartarian Emperour, who having no more Sons but him, willed the Walls to be broken up, the Knights to be unarmed, and the murdered Count to be brought, by four Chaires, into his Palace, where after he was despoiled of his Furniture, and the Christian Knight received in honour of his Victory, the woful Emperour bathed his Son's Body with Tears, which dropped like Crystal Beads from the congealed blood, and after many sad sighs he breathed forth this woful Lamentation. *Now are my Triumphs turned into Everlasting Woe, from a Comical Pastime, to a direful and Bloody Tragedy: O my unkind Fortune, never Constant but in Change! why is my Life deferred to see the downfall of my dear Son, the Noble Count Palatine? Why rends not this accursed Earth whereon I stand, and presently swallow up my Body into her hungry Bowels? Is this the life of Christians? For true Honour to repay Dishonour? Could not base blood serve to stain his deadly hands withall, but the Royal blood of my dear Son, in whose Revenge the face of the Heavens is stained with Blood, and cries for Vengeance to the Majesty of Mighty Iove. The dreadful Furies, the direful daughters of dark Night, and all the baleful company of burning Acheron, whose Loins shall be girt with Serpents, and Hair be hanging with Wreaths of Snakes, shall haunt, pursue, and follow that accursed Christian Champion, that hath bereaved my Country Tartary of so precious a Jewel as my dear Son the Count Palatine was, whose Magnanimous Prowess did surpass all the Knights of our recovery.*

Thus sorrowed the woful Emperour for the Death of his Noble Son: Sometimes making the Echoes of his Lamentations pierce the Elements; Another while forcing his bitter Curses to sink to the deep Foundations of Acheron: One while intending to be Arranged on St. David the Christian Champion, then presently his intent was crossed with a contrary imagination, thinking it was against the Law of Arms, and a great Dishonour to his Country, by Violence to Oppress a strange Knight, whose Ancestors



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had not been guided by true Honour; but yet at last this fine Re-  
solution entered into his Mind. He then went upon the Borders of Tarry; an Enchan-  
ted Garden, kept by Magic Art, from whence never any returned  
that attempted to enter: the Governour of which Garden was a  
notable and famous Peermancer, named Ormandine, to which  
Magician the Tartarian Emperor intended to send the Adventurous  
Champion St. David, thereby to Revenge the Count Palatine's  
Death. So the Emperor after some few days passed, and the Cha-  
racters of his Men being no longer persumed, but he caused the  
Christian Knight to be brought into his Presence, to whom he com-  
mitted this heavy Task, and weary Labour.

O Brave Knight (said the Angry Emperor) thou knowest since  
thy Arrival in our Territories, how highly I have Honoured thee;  
not only in granting liberty of Life, but making thee chief Cham-  
pion of Tarry, which high Honour thou hast repayed with great  
Gratitude, and blessed true Nobility, in doing my dear  
Sovereign's Fealty: for which unhappy Deed thou rightly hast de-  
served Death. But yet know Christian Champion, that I have  
thought in Princely minds, and where Honour sits Enthroned,  
there Justice is not to be feared: Although thou hast deserved  
Death, yet if thou wilt adventure to the Enchanted Garden and  
bring within the Dominion's Head, I grant thee not only Life, but  
thereunto the Crown of Tarry after my Death: because I  
in thee have a mind furnished with all Princely thoughts, and ac-  
companied with true Magnanimity.

This heavy Task and strange Adventure was a little piece of the  
Glorious Champion of Wales's main and chief business after his  
Adventures: And so after some conference standing, in this way  
the most High and Magnificent Emperor, said to the Champion,  
I give thee this Task, which thou enjoys me as wonderful as the  
labours of Hercules, or as fearful as the Centaurs which I have made  
in the Golden Age, yet would I assign to thee as much as I  
term with Bravery in Tarry, as the Kings and Princes of  
Babylon, when he had Conquered part of the wide African  
woods were no longer ended, but the Emperor bound him by his  
Oath of Knighthood, and by the Love he bore unto his Native  
Country, never to follow other Adventure, till he had performed  
his Promise, which was to bring the Magician Ormandine's Head  
into Tarry. Whereupon the Emperor departed from the Noble  
Knight St. David, leaving him to go his way, and to hear  
of his utter Completion of his heavy Task.

Thus





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In these verses have such a collected imagination into the Champions them, that he supposed himself to be the Northern Knight for whom the Necromancer should be Conquered; Therefore without any further advisement, he put his hand into the Vile of the Rich Wizard, intending violently to pull it out from the Enchanted Rock of Ormadine: but no sooner did he attempt that vain enterprise, but his Gallant Courage and Incredible Fortitude failed him, and all his Senses were overtaken with a sudden and heavy sleep, whereby he was forced to let go his hold, and to fall flat upon the barren ground, where his eyes were so fast locked up by Magick Art, and his waking Senses drowned in such a dead slumber, that it was as much impossible to recover himself from sleep, as to pull the Sun out of the Firmament. The Necromancer, by his Magick skill had intelligence of the Champion's unfortunate success, who sent from the Enchanted Garden four Spirits, in the similitude and likeness of four beautiful Damisels, which wrapped the drowsie Champion in a sheet of fine Arabian Silk, and conveyed him into a Cave, directly placed in the middle of the Garden, where they laid him upon a soft Bed more softer than the Down of Calves: where those beautiful Ladies through the Art of wicked Ormadine, continually kept him sleeping for the Term of seven years: One while singing with sweet sugared Songs, more sweet and delightful than the Syrens Melody: Another while with soft courtesie speech, but passing the sweetness of Arias Song, which made the Champion in the Bed more of the fourth of his sweet inspiring music; for till the Resurrection of Orpheus when he recovered his voice into Hell, where the Mithras thought to have his ancient Power, this art of soft speech and sweet sleep, which he did the other Knight of his Noble Family, who had been taken by the Necromancer, and was carried into a distant Place, where he lay in a deep sleep, till he was rescued by the Champions of Christendom, who in the Court of Thessaly with his Lady Helanthe, the fair Champion of Spain, in the City of Sicily with Celestine, the fair of Jerusalem: St. Anthony the Champion of Italy, Travelling through the world, in the company of the Thracian Maiden, arrived in a

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King's Apparel: St. Andrew the Champion of Scotland, fighting  
 for the Italian: St. Patrick the Champion of Ireland, after the  
 Champion of Scotland: St. David of Wales, sleeping in the Church-  
 en Garden, adjoining to the Kingdom of Tartary: and St. George  
 the Famous Champion of England, Imprisoned in Persia: of whom  
 and whose Noble Adventures, I write a whole Discourse, till the  
 renowned Fame of the other Champions compels me to repeat  
 their Noble and Princely Achievements.

## CHAPTER X.

How St. George escaped out of Prison at Persea, and how he  
 deemed the Champion of Wales from his Enchantments; with  
 other things that happened to the English Knight: with the  
 Tragical Tale of the Neapolitan Dancing-maid.

[illegible]



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But at last, when seven years were fully ended, it was the Champion's lucky fortune to find in a secret corner of the Dungeon a certain Iron Engine, which time had almost consumed with rust, whereunto, with long labour, he digged himself a passage through the Ground, till he ascended full in the middle of the Sultan's Court, which was at that time of the night, when all things were silent. The Persian he then beheld beautified with Stars, and bright Cynthia, whose glancing Beams he had not seen in many hundred nights before, seemed to smile at his safe delivery, and to stay her menacing course, till he most happily found means to get without the compass of the Persian's Court, where danger might no longer attend him, nor the strong Gates of the City hinder his flight, which in this manner was performed. For now the Noble Knight being as fearful as the Bird newly escaped from the Fowling Net, gazed round about, and listened where he might hear the voice of People, at last he heard the Grooms of the Sultan's Stable, furnishing forth Horses against the next morning for some Noble Achievement. Whereupon the Noble Champion St. George taking the Iron Engine, wherewith he rendered himself out of Prison, he burst open the Door, where he saw all the Grooms in the Sultan's Stable to which being gone, he took the strongest Gallery, and the richest Furniture, with other necessaries appertaining to a Knight at Arms, and so rode in great privacy to one of the City Gates, where he shewed the Porter in his mannerly manner, till the Porter, who was named Peter, and for Poetry Open the Gates, for St. George of England, and he had murdered the Grooms, in which pursuit the Porter, who was named Peter, which means the simple Persian believed for truth, and so with all speed opened the Gates, whereat the Champion of England departed, and left the Sultan in his dead sleep, little mistrusting his sudden escape. But by that the purple spotted morning had faded with his step, and the Sun's bright countenance appeared on the Mountain side, St. George had ridden twenty miles from the Persian Court, and before his departure was valed in the Mountains of the English Champion had recovered the sight of the English Banner of the Persian Knights that followed him with their pursues. And at this time the extremity of danger to which he was pressed, that he could travel no further, but was constrained to hide himself in some certain wild Chasms, instead of Woods, and some times instead of Drunk, and such kind of things, for as great as the danger he was in, where the necessity and want of food compelled the Noble Knight to eat and drink the most filthy and



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Oh hunger I hunger! (said the Champion) worse sharper than the stroke of Death; thou art the vilest punishment that ever Man endured; If I were now King of Athens, and chief Potentate of Asia, yet would I give my Kingdom, my Scepter, with all my Provinces, for one Master of broken Bread: O that this Earth would be so kind, as to open her Bowels and cast up some Food, to suffice my want: O that the Air might be cheared with Fruits, whereby feathered Fowl my want of breath might fall, and yield me some Succour in this my famishment, and extreme Poverty: O that the Ocean would outspread their branched Arms, and cover these Sun-burnt Valleys with their Treasures, to satisfy my hunger; but Oh! now I see both Heaven and Earth, Hills, and Vales, Oakes, and Seas, Fish, and Fowls, Birds, and Beasts, and all things under the robe of Heaven, conspire my need overthrow: Better had it been if I had ended my days in Paris, than here to be famished by the broad World, where all things by Nature's Appointment are ordained for Man's use. Here instead of Courts, Delicates, I am forced to eat the fruit of Trees, and instead of Greenish Mithers, I am compelled to quench my thirst with Hoarding-tea, which nightly falls upon the blades of Grass.

Thus complained Sir George, till glittering Picedurians mounted the top of Heaven, and dragon the Misty Vapours from the Strand, whereby he might behold the Palpeas of Greely, and whither way to Travel most safely. And as he looked, he espied directly before his face a Tower, standing upon a chalky Cliff, distant from him some three miles, whither the Champion intended to go, not to seek for Adventures, but to Rest himself after his weary Journey, and get him Victuals as therein he could find to suffice his want.

So setting forward with a speedy pace, the Heaven seemed to smile, and the Birds to sing chirping Beals of Delour, as though they did portend a fortunate event. The way he found so plain, and the Journey so easy, that in half an hour he approached to the said Tower; where upon the Wall stood a most Beautiful Woman, dressed after the manner of a distressed Lady, and her face as pale as the Queen of Troy, when she beheld her Walls on Fire. The Valiant Knight Sir George, as he had looked down his Horse, gave her this courteous Salutation.

Lady, (said he) do you seem by your outward appearance that you were a Traveller, or granted hermit to a Christian? And how come you here alone, now almost famished. To whom she answered, I am a woman of two, and lived in this spot.

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Our Knight (quoth he) I abhorre thee with all heart to depart, for here thou gettest but a cold Dinner: my Lord is a mighty Gyant, and believeth in Mahomer, and if he once do but understand that thou art a Christian Knight, not all the Gold of higher India, nor the Riches of wealthy Babylon, can preserve thy Life. Now by the honour of my Knighthood (replied St. George) and by the great God that Christenedom choies, were thy Lord more stronger than mighty Hercules that bore Mountains on his back, here will I either obtain my Dinner, or die by his accursed hand.

These words so abashed the Lady, that she went with all speed from the Tower, and told the Gyant, how a Christian Knight remained at the Gate, which had chozen to suffice his hunger in despite of his will: Whereat the furious Gyant suddenly started up, being at then in a sound sleep, for it was the middle of the day, who took a bar of Iron in his hand, and came down to the Tower Gate. His stature was in height five yards, his head bristled like a Boar, a foot there was betwixt each Brow, his Eyes hollow, his Mouth wide, his Lips were like to flaps of Steel, in all his proportion more like a Devil than a Man. Which deformed Monster so daunted the Courage of St. George, that he prepared himself for Death: Not through fear of the monstrous Gyant, but for hunger and feebleness of body: but here God assisted for him, and so restored to him his decayed strength, that he endured battle until the closing up of the Evening, by which time the Gyant grew almost blind, through the sweat that ran down from his monstrous Brow, whereat St. George got the advantage, and wounded the Gyant so cruelly under the short Ribs, that he was compelled to fall to the Ground, and to give end to his Life.

After which happy event of the Gyant's slaughter, the indomitable Champion St. George first gave the Honour of his Widow unto God, in whose power all his Fortune consisted: Then entering the Tower, whereto the Lady presented him with all manner of Delicacies and pure Wines: but the English Knight suspecting Treachery to be hidden in her proffered Courtesie, caused her first to taste of every Dish, likewise of his Wine, lest some violent Poison should be therein commixt: Finding all things pure and wholesome as Nature required, he sufficed his hunger, washed his weary Body, and refreshed his Horse.

And so leaving the Tower in keeping of the Lady, he committed his Fortune to a new Travel, where his restless spirits never intended longer Rest, but to the refreshing of himself and his Horse. He travelled he through parts of Greece, the Countries of Syria, and into the Borders of Persia, within whose Territories

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ries he had not long Journeyed, but he approached the sight of the  
 Enchanted Garden of Ormandine, where St. David the Champion  
 of Wales had so long slept by Magick Art. But no sooner did he be-  
 hold the wonderful Situation thereof, but he espied Ormandine's  
 Sword enclosed in the Enchanted Rock: where after he had read  
 the superscription written about the Dummel, he essayed to pull  
 it out by strength, where he no sooner put his hands into the Hilt,  
 but he drew it forth with much ease, as though it had been hung  
 by a Thread of unwoven Silk: but when he beheld the glister-  
 ing brightness of the Blade, and the wonderful Richness of the  
 Dummel, he accounted the Prize more worth than the Armour  
 of Achilles, which caused Ajax to run mad, and more Riches than  
 Diocles's Golden Fleece: But by that time St. George had cir-  
 cumspectly looked into every secret of the Sword, he heard a strange  
 and dismal voice thunder in the Skyes, a Terrible and mighty  
 Thundering in the Earth, whereat both Hills and Mountains shook,  
 Rocks raved, and Oaks Rent into pieces: After this the Gates  
 of the Enchanted Garden flew open, whereat incontinently came  
 forth Ormandine the Magician, with his Hair flaring on his Head,  
 his Eyes sparkling, his Cheeks blushing, his Hands quivering, his  
 Legs trembling, and all the rest of his Body discompos'd, as  
 though Legions of Spirits had encompassed him about; he came  
 directly to the worthy English Knight that remained still by the En-  
 chanted Rock, from whence he had pulled the Magician's Sword:  
 whence after the Necromancer had sufficiently beheld his princely  
 Countenance, whereon true Honour sat Enchourized, and viewed  
 his worthy Personage, the Image of true Kingdome, the which  
 seemed in the Magician's Eyes to be the rarest work that ever Ma-  
 ture framed: First, he took the most Valiant and Magnanimous  
 Champion St. George of England by the Steely Gauntlet, and  
 with great Humility kissed it, then proffering him the Courtesies  
 due unto Strangers, which was performed here graciously; he after-  
 wards conducted him into the Enchanted Garden, to the Cave  
 where the Champion of Wales was kept sleeping by four Virgins  
 singing delightful Songs, and after setting him a Chair of Ebony,  
 Ormandine thus began to relate of wonderful things.

Renowned Knight at Arms (said the Necromancer,) Fame's  
 worthiest Champion, whose strange Adventures all Christendom  
 to time to come shall applaud; be silent till I have told my Tale,  
 for never after this must my Tongue speak again: The Knight  
 which thou dost here gaze in this Seat of Gold, is a Christian  
 Champion, as thou art, sprung from the ancient Seed of Trojan  
 Warriors, whose famous struggles to draw this Enchanted  
 Sword,



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Wood, but my Bagick Spells so perbaild, that he was in-  
tercepted in the Enterprize, and forced ever since to remain sleep-  
ing in this Cave: but now the hour is almost come of his Recov-  
ery, which by thee must be accomplished: Thou art that Adventu-  
rous Champion whose Invincible Hand must finish up my detested  
Life, and lend my fleeing Soul to draw thy fatal Chariot on the  
Banks of burning Acheron: for my time was limited to remain no  
longer in this Enchanted Garden, but till that from the North  
should come a Knight that should pull this Wood from the En-  
chanted Rock, which thou happily hast now performed: therefore I  
know my time is short, and ere this of Dying at hand. What I  
report, write in brazen Lines, for the time will come when this Re-  
cord shall highly benefit thee. Take heed thou observe those  
things: First, that thou take to wife a pure Maid: Next that  
thou erect a Monument over thy Father's Grave: And lastly, that  
thou continue a professed Enemy to the Fox of Christ Church, bear-  
ing Arms in the Honour and Defence of the Countrey. These  
things being truly and justly observed, thou shalt attain such Ho-  
nour, that all Kingdoms of Christendom shall adore thy Mem-  
ory: What I speak is upon no idle Conjecture, spring from a  
Ravish'd Brain, but pronounced by this Sacred and deep Art of  
Necromancy.

These words were no longer asked, but the most fortunate of mortals, the Champion of England, requested the magician to deliver his called *Yommes*, and by what means he came to be Governor of the Enchanted Garden.

To tell the Discourse of my own Life (replied Goodman) will breed a new Torrow in my heart, the remembrance of what will rend my very Soul: but yet most Noble Knight, to fulfil thy Request, I will force my Tongue to declare what my Heart denies to utter: Therefore prepare thine Ear to entertain the wofull Tale that ever Tongue delivered.

And lo after Mr. George had said a brief silent, expressing his thanks, the Magician spoke as follows:—



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The Worful and Tragical Discourse pronounced by  
the Necromancer Ormandine, of the Misery of his  
Children:

As in former time (so long as Fortune smiled upon me) the  
King and only Commander of Scythia, my Name Ormandine,  
graced in my youth with two fair Daughters, whom Nature had  
not only made Beautiful, but replenish'd them with all Gifts that  
Art could devise: the Elder whose Name was Cassia, the fairest  
that ever Scythia brought forth, her Eyes like flaming  
Tatches, so dazzled her Beholders, that like straining Adornments,  
they could not endure to admire her Beauty: Among the number of  
Knights that were enamour'd with her Love, there was one Floridon,  
son in the King of Armenia, equal to her in all Ornaments  
of Nature. A Lovers Couple never trod on Earth, so graced any  
Princes Court in the whole World.

This Floridon so fervently burn'd in Affection, with the admired  
Cassia, that he lost all her Virginity, and promised both by  
policy and fair promises to enjoy that precious pleasure, which after  
fell to his own Destruction: For upon a time, when the Shades  
of dark Night had clos'd in the light of Heaven, and the whole  
Court had entertain'd a silent rest, this Floridon, enter'd Cassia's  
Bedding, furthered by the Chamber-maid, where to her hard hap,  
he cropp'd the bud of her Sweet Virginity, and left such a poison  
within her womb, that before many days were expired, her shame  
began to appear, and the deceived Lady was constrained to reveal  
her mind to Floridon: who in the meantime had betroth'd himself  
to my youngest Daughter, whose name was Marcilla, no less Beau-  
tiful both Features & gift than her elder Sister: but when this  
unconstant Floridon perceiv'd that her Belly began to grow big with  
the burden of his unhappy Deed, he upbraided her with shame,  
laying dishonour in her dish, calling her Whore, with many ig-  
nominious words, for swearing himself never to have committed any  
such infamous deed, protesting that he ever scorn'd to sink in Wo-  
mans hands, and counted Chamber-Love a deadly sting, and a  
deep infection to the honour of his Knight-hood.

These unkind speeches drove Cassia into such extream passion of  
mind, that she with a shameful look and blushing cheeks, after this  
manner revealed her secrets unto him:

Wha



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that, "Oh! too to thee, undaunted Knight, the flattering eyes be-  
crost me, and the glowing Tongue enticed me to commit that sin,  
which all the Ocean streams can never wash away: why stand I  
relating this in vain? the deed is done, and Floridon will be  
mine in the Spoil of my Virginity. While he lies basking in my  
Sisters Arms: Alas, first the fatal lights of Funerals shall  
mark about his Marriage-Bed, and his Sabot-blaze shall quench  
with blood: for I will go into their Marriage-Chamber, where as  
their hands of mine shall rend my Sisters Throat, before she  
shall enjoy the Interest of my Bed: rage heart! instead of honey  
delight in Murder, let Vengeance be ever in thy thoughts, till thou  
hast quencht with blood the furies of dishonoural Love.

Thus complained the woful Cassia, rising up and totem the  
Court of Scythia, until the Histricks of the Night had spent five  
Months: At the end of which time, the appointed Marriage of  
Floridon and Marcilla drew nigh, the thought whereof moved an  
envious Torment to her heart, and of more intolerable burthen than  
the point of her Thorn, the which she grudged so extremely for fear  
of dishonour, and partly under colour of being about her intended  
Fragrant, which was a most bloody and execrable marriage accom-  
plish with blood.

The day at last came, when Floridon and Marcilla should tie  
that sacred knot of Marriage, and the Prince, with Detachment of  
Scythia, bare all patient to his chosen's Holy Rites: in which Cer-  
emonies, attending were more than Cassia, to beautify  
her Sister's Marriage. The Ceremonies being no longer perquisite,  
and he had spent in pleasure, sitting the Honour of so great and  
Noble a Prince, but Cassia remained the use of the Country,  
which was that, that the first night of every Maidens Marriage, a  
hundred Virgins should lie with the Bride, which Honour she  
had committed to Cassia: who protested against the base appointment,  
a Slave, Marcilla, and hid it secretly in the travels of her busi-  
ness, she intended to prosecute Revenge. The Bride's Wed-  
ding-Chamber, was appointed far from the hearing of any one, lest  
the restless people should hinder her quiet sleep.

But at last when the hour of her wishes approached, that the  
Bride should have both of her Ladies, and waiting that attended  
her to her Chamber, the new-Married Floridon, in company of  
many Scythian Knights, committed Marcilla to her quiet sleep, he  
was watching the sleeping person of her Sisters maid, till  
that she had done every thing it was according to her persons  
will, a most cruel and bloody deed, and then departed, and silence  
till morning of the next Court, but Cassia held her own  
hand



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hand lock'd the Chamber-door, and secretly conferr'd the Keys  
under the Bed-head, not perceiv'd by the betrayed Marcilla;  
which pass'd away after some short time departed to Bed; wherein she  
was no longer laid, but a heavy sleep over-master'd her Senses,  
whereby her tongue was forc'd to bid her Sister good night, who  
as then sat discontented by her Bed-side, watching the time  
wherein she might conveniently do the bloody Tragedy: upon a  
Court-Cupboard stood two burning Tapers, that gave Light to the  
whole Chamber, which in her conceit seem'd to burn blue; which  
fatal spectacle encouraged her to a more speedy performance; and  
by the light of the two Lamps she undress'd her self, and  
stripp'd her self into her white smock, having not so much  
upon her head, as a Chain to hold up her golden hair; after this,  
she took her Silver Bookish, that becase she had secretly hid'den in  
her hair, and with a martial Countenance (upon whose cheek  
sat the Image of pale death) she came to her sick Sleeping Sister,  
being then overcome with a heavy slumber, and with her Bookish  
pierced her tender Breaſt; who immediately at the stroke thereof  
start'd from her sleep, and gave such a pitiful shriek, that it would  
have awakend the whole Court, but that the Chamber stood far  
from the hearing of Company, except her blood-thirsty Sister,  
whose hand was ready to requite her fury, with a second  
stroke.

But when Marcilla beheld the Sights and Symptoms of her Sister  
deſtain'd with purple gore, and from her face can ſee a  
Crimſon blood, which like a Fountain trickled from her wounds,  
she breath'd forth this cruel exclamation againſt the cruelty of  
Calabria.

O Sister (quoth she) hath Nature harboured in thy Breast a  
Bloody mind! what Fury hath incens'd thee thus to commit my  
Tragedy? In what have I miſdone, or wherein hath my Tongue  
offended thee? What could hath been the occasion that thy re-  
morſen hand againſt Nature, hath convert'd my joyful Nuptials to  
a woful Funeral? This is the cause (Reply'd Calista) and there-  
withal ſheep'd her Blood, gush'd big through the button of her  
Chain, that I have bathed my hands in thy detest'd Blood.

Now, ſaid Marcilla (ſaid she) altho' unhappy Bed, wherein thy  
deſcend'd Husband took down his Seed, by which my Virgin ho-  
nour is for ever ſtain'd, this is the spot which thy bitter blood  
must wash away, and this is the place that nothing but death shall  
quench; therefore a sweet Revenge, and a perfect Murder likewise  
will I commit upon my self, whereby my loathed Soul in company  
of my unborn Babe shall wander with my Ghost along the shores  
of Lakes.



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Which woman being no longer smitten, but she violently pierced her own Breast, whereby the two sinners Blood were equally mingled together; but now Marcilla being the first wounded, and the nearer drawing toward Death, she woefully complained with this being Lamentation.

Draw near (say she) you blazing Stars, you Earthly Angels, you embroidered Girls, you lovely Ladies, and flourishing Dames of Opulent, behold her woful end, whose Glories mounted to the Elements, behold my Marriage-bed here beautified with Tapestry, converted to Death's Bloody Habitation, my brave Armour to Earthly Mould, and my Princely Palaces to Elysium shades, being a place appointed for those Dames that lived and dy'd true Virgins, for now I feel the pains of Death closing my Life's Windows, and Heart ready to entertain the stroke of Destiny. Come Floodon, come instead of Arms, get Eagles Wings, that in thy Bosom I may breathe my murdered Ghost. Would fate then well, I was too proud of my smiling pleasures, thy Princely Pomp and all thy glittering Ornaments, I must for ever bid adieu. Father, farewell, with all my Masking Train, Courtly Ladies, Knights and Gentlewomen! My Death know will make thy Palace Death's Gloomy Regiment, and last of all, farewell my Noble Floodon, for thy sweet sake Marcilla here is Murdered.

At the end of which woman the dying Lady being faint with the abundance of Blood that issued from her wounded Breast, gave up the Ghost. Her father had now Death seized on her lifeless body, but Cassia through the extremity of her wounds was ready to entertain the stroke of her fatal Suffer, who also complained in this manner: Weaken to me you Loving Girls, (say she) to you I speak that know what endless grief dismal and false Love breeds in constant mind, the thought whereof is so intolerable to my Soul, that it exceeds the Torments of Dances, Banquets, which continually fill State is bottomless Tubs in Hell. Oh that my Ears had never listened to his sugared speeches, nor never known what Courtly pleasures meant, where Beauty lives a bait for every lustful eye; but rather to have lived a Country Maid, where sweet content is harboured, and Beauty shrouded in her true Humility, then had not Floodon betrayed me of the sweetest company, nor had this accursed hand committed this cruel Murder. But Oh! I feel my soul passing into Elysium shades, where Croesus' shadow and Dido's Ghost have their abiding, rather than my spirit lie to be entertained amongst those unhappy Ladies whom my constant love hath murdered. Thus Cassia not being

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able to speak any longer, gave a very precious sigh, and so had done to the world.

Florida, when the booming drum had chased away the darkness, Florida, who little imagined the tragedy of the two dead boys, repaired to the Chamber door, with a candle or oilful lantern, to view the inspiring ceremony. He then to the State House, reached the booming drum, and there, in vain: "For Death, it seems, the two departed boys had no regard of thanks at all, and suffered his words, which caused Florida to depart, thinking them to be sleep, and to return within an hour after, who found the City Company came to the Chamber door, where he again found all silent, at which supposing some future event, he burst open the door, there being no other witness, but he found the two lads, lying in their own gore, which would certainly, in the regard of his justice, had not a frantic man be taken up and taken down in this manner but he would be a fine man indeed."

[illegible][illegible]

# The Honorable History of the

ing Niobe, which was the sorrowfullest I add that ever lived.  
During which time the Report of Floridon's unhappy Tragedy  
was brought to his Father's ears, being the sole King of Armenia:  
he was great so excited the bowels of Reason, that with all combi-  
nation upon he gathered the greatest strength Armenia could make,  
and in Revenge of his Son's Murder, entered my Territories, and  
with his well appointed Armies, invaded my Dominions, slau-  
ghtered my Soldiers, conquered my Towns, took my Commons,  
burnt my Cities, and left my Country Villages desolate, where-  
upon I beheld my Country overrun with Famine, Fire, and  
Blood, these distressing Plagues, whereunto Reason brought  
the sins of the wicked, I was forced for the safety of my life,  
to forsake my Native Dominion, singly Government, only con-  
sisting my Fortune (like a Widow's Child) in a wander in an  
unknown region where Law was my chief Companion, and  
Content my only Solicitor: at last it was in my Design to arrive  
in this unhappy place, which I supposed to be the State of De-  
cease, where I had not remained many days in my melancholy  
Reflections, but methought the many isles of deep Avernus opened,  
from thence issued a most horrid Devil, that enticed me to per-  
suade my Fortune to his following, and he would defend me from  
the fury of the whole Mankind to which I presently conspired  
upon some occasion, then suddenly he placed before my face this  
Charitable Ghost, so fairly clothed in Stone, that it should never  
be pulled but by the hands of a Christian Knight, and tell that  
I should perform, I should be exempt from all Torment, al-  
though all the Demons of the Earth assailed me, though I ask  
I could command my Companion, then with new permission, whereby  
I could the torment, my Death approacheth, and my time of con-  
fusion is at hand.

[illegible]



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The two Champions, after many courteous embraces and kind greetings, revealed each to other the strange Adventures they had passed. St. David told how he was bound by the Fate of Knighthood, to perform the Adventure of Ormandine: whereupon St. George presently delivered the Enchanted Sword, with the Promancer's Head into the hands of St. David, the which he patiently suffered from his Body. But here must my weary tale leave St. David Travelling with Ormandine's Head to the Tartarian Emperor, and speak of the following Adventures that hapned to St. George, after his departure from the Enchanted Garden.

### CHAP. XI.

Now St. George arrived at Tripoly in Barbary, where he stole away the King's Daughter of Egypt, from the Black-moor King, and how she was known to be a pure Virgin by the means of the Lion, and what hapned to him in the same Adventure.

St. George, after the Recovery of St. David, as you heard in the former Chapter, dispatched his Journey toward Christendom, whose pleasant Banks he long desired to behold, and through every day a year, till his eyes enjoyed a sweet Sight of his Native Country of England, upon whose Chalky Cliffs he had his horse in many a weary Summer's day: therefore commencing his Journey to a fortunate Success, he travelled through many a dangerous Countrey, where the People were not only of a bloody disposition, given to all manner of barbarities, but the Soil greatly infested with wild Beasts, through which he could not well travel without danger: therefore he labored continually in one of his hands a Weapon sharp charged, and encounter with the Beasts of the Forest, and in the other hand a bright blade of fire to defend him from the fury of wild Beasts, if by violence they assailed him.

Thus in extream Danger Travelled the Noble and Adventurous Champion St. George, till he arrived in the Territories of Barbary, in which Countrey he purposed for a time to remain, and



SECRET

...in which County he was held for a time to remain and ...

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Wise Father (said he) through the Treachery of that Accursed King, I endured seven years Imprisonment in Persia, where I suffered both hunger cold and extreme misery: But if I had my good Sword Alcalon, and my trusty Balfrey, which I left in the Egyptian Camp, where remains my betrothed Love the King's Daughter of Egypt, I would be Admired on the Peak of Almidor, were his Guard more strong than the Army of Xerxes, whose multitude drank Rivers dry. Altho, said the Hermit, Sabra, the King's Daughter of Egypt is Queen of Bachary, and since her Ransom was solemnly performed in Tripoly, are seven Summers since finished.

Now by the honour of my Country, England (replied St. George) the place of my Nativity, and as I am a true Christian Knight, these eyes of mine shall never close, this undaunted heart never entertain one thought of Peace, nor this unconquered hand receive one minutes rest, untill I have obtained a sight of the Queen of Persia, to whose Lake I have incurred so long Imprisonment: Therefore dear Father be this kind to a Traveller, as to exchange for Cloathing, this my Rich Furniture and trusty Sword, which I brought from the Kingdom of Persia, for in the name of a Christian I may enjoy the fruition of her sight without suspicion: Where wife I must needs be constrained by Violence with my trusty Falchion to make way into her Damselfs Palace, where I know she is attended on most carefully, by some a valiant and Courageous Knight, therefore courageously bestow me the Hermit's Gown, and I will strive to do both my Wife and Neighbour, this Box of costly Jewels: Which when that grave Hermit beheld, he humbly thanked the Noble Champion, and to wit all the speed they could possibly make, exchanged Apparel, and in that manner departed.

The Valiant being glad, repaired to his Chamber with St. George's Furniture, and St. George in the Valiant's Apparel towards the City of Tripoly, into no longer came to the sumptuous Buildings of the Court, but he stood a hundred paces from the kneeling at the Gate, to whom St. George spoke after this manner, not with loud and Heroical speeches, becoming a Damselfs Champion, but with meek and humble words, like an aged Palmer.

My dear Brother (said the Champion) for what intent remain you here, & what errand you from this honourable Court?

He abode here (answered the Palmer) an whole year, which the Queen took a day past when this seven years, for the sake of an English Knight named St. George, whom she accused above all the Knights of the world: And when this was known, said St. George, I would not have been so long in coming, had I

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In the afternoon (repaid the Summers) until which time upon our desired lines we hourly pray for the good fortune of that most noble English Knight, which deserves to please the ill-lumined Champion St. George, that he thought every minute a whole year till the Golden Sun had past away the utmost part of Heaven; for it was but newly risen from Aurora's Bed, whose light as yet with a shamefaced radiant blush, diffused the Eastern

During which time, the most valiant and Sagacious Champion, St. George of England, one while remembering the extremity he endured in Persia, for her sake, whereat he let fall many precious Tears from his Eyes: another while thinking upon the terrible Battle he had with a Burning Dragon in Arvo, where he Redeemed her from the Fatal Talon of Death: at last it was his choice to walk about the Court, beholding the numerous Beauties, and the curious engraven boxes by the achievement of Men, bestowed upon the shining Maidens: where he heard, to his exceeding pleasure, the heavenly Voice of his beloved Sister, descending from a Window upon the highest side of the Palace, where she looked forth this sorrowful Woe upon her Brother.

Die all desires of Joy and Courtly Pleasures,

Die all desires of Princely Royalty,

Die all desires of Worldly Treasures,

Die all desires of Nobly Matchy:

For he is gone that pleased most mine,

For whom I wish ten thousand times to die,

That mine eyes might never cease to weep,

That my tongue might evermore complain,

That my Soul might in his Bosom sleep,

For whose sweet sake my Heart doth live in pain:

In Wee I live with brinish Tears besprink,

Curst with Grief, Condemn'd with Discontent.

In time my Sight will dim the Heaven's fair Light,

Which hourly die from my torment'd Breast,

Except Saint George that Noble English Knight,

Will not return abandon my woe,

For I shall end with deep sighs,

Exchanging weeping Tears, for lasting Joy.

End



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Before the Face of Heaven this Vow I make,

The unkind Friends have Wed me to their Will,

And Crown'd me Queen my ardent flames to slake,

Which in despite of them shall flourish still,

Be witness Heavens and Earth, what I have said,

For George's sake I live and die a Maid.

Which sorrowful Ditty being no longer ended, but the departed

the Blindness quite from the hearing of the English Champion,

that was getting up to the Caisement, preparing his face to re-

ceive her face, third time, the second time, but it was on

him, whereas he grew in more perplexed passions than before,

when he had his beloved Creusa amongst the Arms of the

Queen, sometimes wishing the day to vanish in a moment, that the

hour of her Benevolence might approach, other times, comforted

by his congratulations with the remembrance of her true Character,

and long continued Chastity for his sake; comparing her to the

Queen of Sheba, her Charity to Diana, and her Constancy to Pen-

elope, he was in the first degree, the glorious Queen began to be

himself the greatest part of the Queen, when the Princess began

to receive her mother's Benevolence, during which time the English

Champion, placed himself in the midst of them, and observed the

mother's face at her coming, who at the same time, came to the

Palace Gate, retired in Spurning Nature, like a Queen, King

Richard's Daughter, when she went to Marriage, her last after a

Creusa manner, with watching in the night, which was her

last night, and she was in the arms of the Queen, which her

last night, and she was in the arms of the Queen, which her

last night, and she was in the arms of the Queen, which her

last night, and she was in the arms of the Queen, which her

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last night, and she was in the arms of the Queen, which her





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Sword Askalon which I will presently deliver into thy hands, and with all celerity convey me from this unhappy Country: for the King my Husband with all his potentest Knights are now robb'd forth on Hunting, whose absence hath left thee but slight: but if you stay till his return, it is not a hundred of the hardest Knights in the World can bear me from this accursed Palace. At which words Dr. George having a much graced with all excellent adjectives, replied in this manner.

O Thou knowest my Divine Mistress, that for thy love I would endure as many Dangers, as Jason suffered in the fire Calcos, so I might at last enjoy the pleasure of true Virginity. For how is it possible thou could remain a Pure Maid, when thou hast been a Crowned Queen these seven years, and every night hast entertained a King into thy Bed?

If thou findest me not a true Maid (quoth she) in all that thou canst say or do, send me back hither again unto my Fox, whose Bed I count more loathsome than a Den of Snakes, and his sight more Damnable than the Crocodiles. As for the Morocco Crown, which by force of Friends was set upon my head, I wish that it might be turned into a blaze of quenchless Fire, so it might not endanger my Body: and for the Name of Queen, I account it a vain Title: for I had rather to be the English Lady, than the greatest Empress in the World.

At which speeches Dr. George willingly consented, and with all speed purposed to go into England: And thereupon sealed an assurance with as sweet a kiss as Paris gave to lovely Helen, when she consented to forsake her Native Country, and to Travel from her Husband Menelaus into Troy. No losing no time, lest delay might breed danger, Sabra furnished her self with sufficient Treasures, and she and her Beloved Dr. George his trusty Sword, whom he had kept seven years for his sake, with all the Furniture belonging to his appointed Bed, who no sooner received her proffered gifts, which he accounted dearer than the Asian Monarchy, but presently he Dressed his Body, and beautified his strong Limbs with rich Caparisons. In the mean time Sabra through false Speeches and Promises obtained the good will of an Eunuch, that was appointed for her Guard in the King's absence, to accompany them in their Travel, and to serve as a trusty Guide, if occasion required: which with the Lady she ready at the Champion's commandment, who no sooner had furnished himself with Habilliments of War, belonging to so dangerous a Journey, but he set his beloved Mistress upon a gentle Palfrey, which always

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kneeled down until she had ascended the Stool, and likewise her Couch was mounted upon another Stool, whereon all their rich Furniture, both costly Jewels, and other Treasures was born.

So these three worthy Personages committed their Travels to the Guide of Fortune, who preserved them from the dangers of pursuing Enemies, which at the King's return from hunting, followed again to every Port and Haven that divided the Kingdom of Barbary from the Confines of Christendome: but kind Destiny so guided their Steps, that they Travelled another way, contrary to their expectations: for when they looked to arrive upon the Territories of Europe, they were call upon the Ruined Banks of Grecia: In which Countrey we must tell what hapned to the three Travellers, and omit the vain pursuit of the Morocco Knights, the wretched Melancholy of the King, and the banished Humour that was amongst the Commons at the Queens departure, who caused the Larmin Bells to be rung out, and the Beacons set on Fire, as though the Enemy had entered their Countrey.

But now Melpomene, thou Tragick Sister of the Muses, relate what unhappy Crookes hapned to these three Travellers in the Confines of Grecia, and how their smiling Comedy was by ill hap turned into a weeping Tragedy: For when they had journeyed some three or four Leagues, over many a long Hill, they came high unto a mighty and vast Wilderness, through which the way seemed so long, and the Sun Beams so exceedingly glowed, that scarce what my weariness in Travel, and the extrem heat of the Day, was constrained to rest under the shelter of a mighty Oak, whose Branches had not been torn in many a year: where she had not long remained, but her heart began to faint for hunger, and her Colour that was but a little pale as fair as any Ladies in the Court, began to change by want of a little drink: whereat the most famous Champion Sir George, full dead with grief, comforted her as well as he could, after this manner.

Faint not my dear Lady, (said he) here is that good Sword that once preserved thee from the burning Dragon, and before thou dost die for want of sustenance it shall make way to every corner of this Wilderness, where I will either kill some Venison to refresh thy hungry Stomach, or make my Tomb in the Bowels of some monstrous Beast: Therefore abide thou here under this Tree in company of thy faithful Page, till I return armed with the skin of some wild Deer, to thee some living Bird to refresh thy Spirits for a new Travel.



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Thus left he his beloved Lady with the Eunuch to the mercy of the Woods, and travelled up and down the Wilderness, till he espied a Herd of fatted Deer, from which company he singled out the fairest, and like a tripping Satyr courted her to Death: then with a keen-edged Sword cut out the goodliest Branch of Wenison that ever Hunters eye beheld; which Gift he supposed to be most welcome to his beloved Lady. But mark what hapned in his absence to the two weary Travellers under the Tree: Where after St. George's departure, they had not long sat in distancing, one while of their long Journey, another while of their late Delivery from the Blackmoor King, spending the stealing time away with many an ancient Song, but there appeared out of a Thicket two huge and monstrous Lions, which came titanic-pacing towards the two Travellers: Which fearful spectacle when Sabra beheld, like being a heart over-charged with the extreme fear of Death, wholly committed her Soul into the hands of God, and her Body almost famished for want of Food, to suffice the hunger of the two furious Lions, who by the appointment of Heaven, proffered not so much as to lay their wondrous paws upon the smallest part of her Garment, but with eager mood assailed the Eunuch, until they had devoured his Body in the empty Gluts of their hungry Botoms: Then with their Teeth lately imbued in Blood, rent the Eunuch's Cloak into small pieces: Which being done, they came to the Lady, which late quaking half dead with fear, and like two Lambs touching their Heads upon her Lap, went with her hands to the ground down their buddled hairs, and having almost to breathe, till a heavy Sleep had over-mastered their furious Senses, by which time the valiant-minded Champion St. George returned with a piece of Wenison upon the point of his Sword: Who at first was moved sore, and in a Maze, whether it was best to die for Salvation of his Life, or to venture his Fortune against the furious Lions. But at last the Love of his Lady encouraged him to a valiant deed, when he beheld quaking before the dismal Gates of Death: So laying down his Wenison, he like a Mithridates Chastity beathed his approach Fardillon most furiously in the Throat of one of the Lions: Sabra kept the other sleeping in her Lap till his prosperous Hand had likewise dispatched him: Which Adventure being performed, he first thanked Heaven for his Life, and then in this kind manner saluted his Lady.

Now (Sabra said he) I have by this sufficiently proved my true Virginity: for it is the Nature of a Lion, be he never so furious, not to harm the unspotted Virgin, but humbly to lay his bristled Head upon a Maidens Lap. Therefore Divine Paragon,



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thou art the World's chief wonder for Love and Chastity, whose honoured Vertues shall ring as far as Whelms sends his Lights, and whose Constancy I will maintain in every Land where I come, to be the truest under the Circuit of the Sun: At which words he cast his eyes aside, and beheld the bloody spectacle of the Countess's Tragedy, which by Sabra was mournfully discoursed, to the grief of St. George, where he had fought for a doleful Kneel to behold his untimely death: But having a noble mind not subject to vain Sorrows, where all hope of Life is past, reared his grief, and prepared the Menion in readiness for his Ladies Repast, which in this order was dressed.

He had in his Pocket a Firelock, wherewith he struck fire, and kindled it with some burnt Spots, and increased the flame with other dry wood, which he gathered in the Wilderness: Against which they Roasted the Menion, and sufficed themselves to their own contentments. After which joyful Repast, these two Princely Persons set forward to their wonted Travels, whereby the happy Guide of Heaven so conducted their steps, that before many days passed, they arrived in the Grecian Court, when upon that day began the Marriage of the Grecian Emperor, should be solemnly holden: Which Royal Nuptials, in former times had been haunted into every Nation in the World, as well in Europe, as Africa and Asia: At which honourable Marriage the bravest Knights then living on Earth were present: For Golden Fame had haunted the Report thereof to the Ears of the seven Champions: In Thebais, to Sir Denis the Champion of France, there remaining with his dear friend Eglamore; into Sevil to Sir James the Champion of Spain, where he remained with his lovely Celestine: To Sir Anthony the Champion of Italy, then Travelling into the Borders of Scythia, with his Lady Rosalinde: likewise to Sir Andrew, the Champion of Scotland, to Sir Patrick the Champion of Ireland, and to Sir David the Champion of Wales, who all achieved many remarkable Adventures in the Kingdom of Tartary, as you have heard before discoursed at large.

But now Fame, and smiling Fortune consented to make their knightly Achievements to shine in the Eyes of the whole World, therefore by the Conjunction of Heaven, they generally arrived in the Grecian Emperor's Court: Of whose Feasts and Tournaments therein performed, to the honour of his Nuptials, my merry Quill is bound to discourse.

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**C H A P T E R XII.**

How the Seven Champions Assembled at the Emperor's Nuptials, where they performed many Noble Achievements; and how after open War was Proclaimed against Chusien by the Discovery of many Knights; and how every Champion departed into his own Country, leaving no Childer behind him.

**T**o speak of the number of the Knights, that assembled in the  
Great Hall together, were a labour over tedious, in  
quitting the Den of Homer: Therefore will I omit the re-  
vourable Band of Knights and Ladies that did attend them to  
the Church: their costly Garments and shining Ornaments, ex-  
ceeding the Royalty of Hecuba, the Beauteous Helen of Troy.  
And also I pass over the sumptuous Banquets, the Potions, the  
Services, and Delicious Cheere that beautified the Emperours  
Banquets, with the sweet Songs and Courtesies danced performed  
by many Noble Personages, and their discourse of the Knight  
and the beauty of the Green Champions of Christendom, their  
Honourable Proceedings, and Magnanimous Enterprises, which  
defended a Golden Den to rattle: For after some few days spent  
in Chamber sports, to the great pleasure of the Great Prince,  
the Emperour presently proclaimed a solemn fasting to be kept  
for the space of seven days, with a fast of the same nature, and ap-  
pointed for his chief Champions the three Christian Knights,  
whose Names as then were not known by any, but except their own  
Majesties.

Against the appointed day the Turnaments should begin, the Emperor caused a wonderful large Frame of Timber-work to be erected, wherein the Emperess and her Ladies might stand, for the better view of the Tilters, and at pleasure behold the Champions Encounters, most nobly performed in the Honour of their Mistresses. Likewise in the compass of the Lists were placed twelve Benches of seven several Colours, wherein the seven Champions might remain till the sound of the Silver Trumpets summoned them to appear.

Thus every thing prepared in readiness, sitting at great a table, the Princess and Ladies placed in their seats, the Emperor with his new married English settled on their left. The Emperor, though surrounded with an hundred armed knights, the King's

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Heralds Solemnly Proclaimed the Tournaments, which in this most Royal manner began.

The first day St. Denis of France was appointed chief Champion against all Comers, who was called by the Title of the Golden Knight, who at the sound of the Trumpet entered the Lists, his Tent was of the colour of the Sunbeams, upon the top an artificial Sun framed, that shined to Beautifie the whole Assembly: his Horse of an Iron grey, graced with a spangled Blum of Feathers: Beside him rode a Page in purple silk, bearing upon his Crest three Golden Flower-de-luces, which did signifie his Arms. Thus in this Royal manner entered St. Denis the Lists; where after he had leaped twice or thrice up and down, to the open view of the whole Company, he prepared himself in readiness to begin the Tournament: Against whom ran many French Knights, which were killed by the French Champion, to the wonderful admiration of all the beholders: And to be brief, he so manfully behaved himself, and such such Courage, that the Emperor applauded him for the bravest Knight in the World. And thus in great privacy to the exceeding measure of the Emperor, was the first day spent, till the dark evening called the Knights to break off Company, and repair to their several Repose. And the next Morning no sooner did the Sun shew his splendid brightness, but the King of England, under the Emperor, with a host of Champions, showed the Champions were their eldest sons, who with all speed repaired for the second days Exercise. The chief Champion appointed for that day, was the illustrious Knight St. James of Spain: All which day the Emperor and Empress had seated themselves with a train of beautiful Ladies, under the Lists upon a Spanish Carpet, decked with a rich Caparison, which lay over against the Emperor's Throne his Tent was pitch'd, which was of the colour of Dutch-silver, wherein was portrayed many fine Devices: Beside the Tent attended four Esquires, bearing four several Charybeons in their hands, wherein were curiously painted the four Elements: Likewise he had the Title of the Silver Knight: And behaved himself no less manly of all, than the Commendation that the French Champion the day before. The third day St. Anthony of Italy was chief Challenger in the Tournament, whose Tent was of the Colour of the Skies, his Horse furnished with costly Pabliments, his Armour after the Arabick manner: his Shield shaped round about with Steel, wherein was painted a Golden Eagle in a field of Blue, which signified the ancient Armory of the Duke of Savoy: He had the Title of the Silver Knight, whose Tent was of Chivalry for that day, from the



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from all the Grecian Knights, to the great rejoicing of the King  
Rothland, the King of Thracia's daughter, that still remained in  
Prague's Court, wherein (for the dear Love she bore to St. Anthony)  
singularly she kept from the Court, whose discovery shall hereaf-  
ter be reported. The fourth day by the Emperors appointment,  
the Gallant and valorous Knight St. Andrew of Scotland obtained  
the Honour as to be chief Challenger for the Tournament: His  
Tent was framed in the manner of a Ship swimming upon the  
waves of the Sea, imbursed about with Dolphins, Tritons,  
and many strange contrived Mermaids: Upon the top stood the  
figure of Neptune the God of the Seas, bearing in his hand a Scepter,  
wherein was wrought in Crimson Silk, a corner Cross, which  
seemed to be his Countrey's Arms: He was called the Red Knight,  
because his Robe was covered with a bloody Weir, his worthy Ac-  
chievements obtained such favour in the Emperors Court, that he  
received him his silver Gauntlet, which was prized at a thousand  
goulden, where after his Noble Encounters, he enjoyed a short  
travell. The fifth day St. Patrick of Ireland as chief Champion  
entered the Lists upon an Irish Hobby, covered with a red of green,  
attended on by his Gallant Knights, every one bearing upon his  
Shoulder a flaming Fire: His Tent resembled a Summer's  
Temple, at the entry where a large quantity of store beautified  
with a wreath of roses, inslating with the name the Green  
Knight: whose worthy Achievements obtained the second rank, that  
before the Tournament began, they gave him the Honour of the  
Sea. Upon the sixth day the famous and valiant Sir Llewellyn of  
Wales obtained such favour in the Emperors Court, that  
he himself was chief Challenger, who came upon a white War-  
rion Bairey, covered with a veil of Black, to make his  
and Tragical day should befall those Grecian Knights, that still  
remained in Thracia: His Tent was framed in the  
manner and form of a Castle, in the front and of the sides, before  
the entry where stood Golden Towers, wherefrom they sent  
forth a large Golden Rampant, upon a Golden Bairey, which  
bore the Ancient Arms of Thracia: His Tent was so  
framed, not only obtaining due commendations at the Emperors  
Court, but of the whole Assembly of the Grecian Knights: where  
they applauded him to be the most Noble Knight that ever  
entered a Court, and the most fortunate Champion that was  
in the Grecian Court. Upon the seventh day the  
famous and valiant Knight St. George of Greece, as chief  
Challenger, entered the Lists upon a white horse.



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betrayt with Barge of burnished Gold, his fore-head beautified  
with a gorgeous Plume of purple Feathers, from whence hung  
many Ornaments of Gold, his Armour of the purest Steel  
(lashed full together with Silver Plates, his Helmet engraven very  
curiously, beset with Indian Bead, and Jasper Stones; before his  
Brest plate hung a silver Table in a Damask Scarf, whereon  
was pictured a Lion Rampant in a bloody Field, bearing three  
golden Crowns upon his head; before his Feet lay an Ivory  
Chariot guarded by twelve tall black Georges; wherein his be-  
loved Lady and Mistress Sabra late invented upon a silver Globe,  
to behold the several Encounters of her most noble and Magni-  
mious Champion St. George of England. His Tent was as  
white as the Swans Feathers, glittering against the Sun, supported  
by four joyous Elephants, trunks of the purest Black, about his  
Helmet he tied a wreath of Marigolds, where hung his Lady's  
Gloves, which he took to maintain her excellent Gift of Nature  
too exceeds all Ladies on the Earth. These costly Equipments ra-  
vished the beholders with such insupportable pleasure, that they  
gazing at his Furniture, not able to withhold their Eyes from so  
heavenly a sight. But when they beheld his glorious Encoun-  
ters against the Grecian Knights, they supposed him to be the in-  
vincible Winner of that famous and glorious Tourney that climed to the  
Elements, offering to all eyes from his Throne. His second  
encounter gave Encouragement to his fame, but he climbed faster and  
faster to the top of his glory, where he lay for a time bereft of sense.  
The Tournament was held the day, from the Sun rising till  
the cold stars of the night appeared, in which time he con-  
quered five hundred of the hardest knights then living in Asia and  
Greece, and many more, to the wonderful admiration of the  
Beholders. The seven days brought to an end by the seven wo-  
rthy Champions of Chastity, in reward of whose Noble Ac-  
chievements, the Greek Emperor being a Man that highly valued  
and prized their proceedings, gave them a Golden Table, seven  
Branches, to be divided equally amongst them. Which Honour  
the seven Champions conveyed to St. George's Pavilion, where in one  
of the Branches, the seven Champions discovered themselves  
back to back, and by what good Fortune they arrived in the Gre-  
cian Court, made long wished light to rejoyce their hearts, for  
they all returned that happy day of meeting, the joyous and  
cheerful day. But now after the Tournament was ended  
and the Champions rested themselves some few days, rejoy-  
cing in the City of Wood, they fell to a new exercise of

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sure, not appearing in glistering Armour before the Tilt, nor following the loud sounding Drums and Silver Trumpets, but spending away the time in Courtly Dances amongst their beloved Ladies and Mistresses, in more Royalty than the Phrygian Knights when they presented the Paragon of Asia with an Enchanted Mask. There wanted no inspiring Musick to delight their Ears, no pleasant Sonnets to ravish their Senses, nor no curious Dances to please their Eyes. Sabra she was the Mistress of the Rebels, who graced the whole Court with her excellent Beauty, which seemed to exceed the rest of the Ladies in greatness, as far as the Moon surpasseth her attending Stars in a frosty Night, and when she danced, she seemed like Thetis tripping on the silver Sands, with whom the Sun did fall in Love: And if she chanced to smile, the cloudy Elements would weep, and drop down heavenly dew, as though they mourned for Love. There likewise remained in the Court the six Thracian Virgins that in former time lived in the shape of Swans, which were as Beautiful Witches as ever eye beheld, also many other Ladies attended the Company, in whose Companies the Seven Champions daily delighted: Sometimes discoursing of Ambitious conceits, other times delighting themselves with sweet sounding Musick, and spending the day in Banqueting, Rebelling, Dancing, and other pleasures, not once minding their true betrothed Ladies. These Courtly pleasures continued not long, for they were interrupted with a certain News of open wars Ruptures, and bloodshed, which fell out contrary to the expectation of the Christian Knights. There arrived in the Grecian Empire, a great number of Ferarals, of an hundred several Provinces, who were sworn utter Rebellion to all Christian Kingdoms, so that the

We, the High and Mighty Emperour of Asia and Africa, great Commanders both of Land and Seas, Proclaim by general Consent of all the Eastern Potentates, utter Ruine and Destruction to the Kingdoms of Christendom, and to all those Nations where any Christian Knights are harboured: First, the Souldan of Persia, in Revenge of a Bloody Slaughter done in his Palace by an English Champion: Istolompe the Egyptian King, in Revenge of his Daughter, violently taken away by the same Knight: Amidozi the black King of Morocco in Revenge of his Queen, likewise taken away by the said English Champion: The great Governor of Ethiopia, in Revenge of his Daughter, taken away by a French Knight: The King of Jerusalem in Revenge of his Daughter, taken away by a Spanish Knight: The Tartarian Emperour, in

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Revenge of his Son Count Palatine, slain by the unhapoy hand of the Champion of Malles: the Elizabethan Monarch, in Revenge of his vain Travel after his seven Daughters, now in keeping of certain Christian Knights: In Revenge of which Injuries, all Kingdoms from the further parts of the utter John's Dominions to the Borders of the Red Sea, have lent down their Hands and Seals to be Aiders in this bloody War.

This Proclamation was no sooner ended, but the Grecian Emperors likewise consented to their bloody determination, and thereupon gave speedy Commandment to gather up the greatest Strength that Grecia could afford, to join with the Sagaris: to the utter Ruine and Confusion of Christendom: which bloody Edict, or rather inhumane Judgment pronounced by the accursed Infidels, compelled the Christian Champions to a speedy departure, and every one to hasten to his own Country, there to provide for the Pagans Entertainment: As after due considerations, the Champions departed, in company of their betrothed Ladies, who chose rather to live in their husbands Bosoms, than with their misbeliving Parents: Where after some few days they arrived in the spacious Bay of Portugal, in which Bay the Lordes by the honour of true Knighthood, to meet the Champions for Spontaneus ensuing, there to convert all these Champions into one Legion: Upon which sight the Champions departed one from another, St. James into France, St. John into Italy, St. Andrew into Scotland, St. George into Wales, St. David into Wales, all whole pleasant Banks, which were not seen in many years before: Where their Entertainment was as honourable as their hearts desired: But to speak of the gathering up of Soldiers in every Christian Kingdom, and what strength arrived at the appointed time in the Bay of Portugal, shall be discoursed in the sequel of this History, and how troublesome Wars overspread the whole Earth, where the Verbercal Words of these Noble Champions shall at large be described: Also the Overthrow of many Kings and Kingdoms, Ruins of Towns and Cities, and the Decay of many flourishing Commonwealths: Likewise of the bloody Tragedies of many Unchristian Princes: Whereat the Heavens will mourn, to see the effusion of Blood trickle from the breasts of murdered Infants, the heaps of Slaughtered Damselfs trampled to pieces by Soldiers Hooves, and the Streets of many a City sprinkled with the blood of Rebellious Men: Therefore, gentle Reader, accept of this my Labour



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*geoffrey*

with a stout Brave, and kind Countenance, and his many Sons  
shall never rest, till I have finished the pleasant History of these  
Heroical Champions.

### C H A P. XIII.

How the Seven Champions of Christendom arrived with all their  
Troops in the Bay of Portugal; the number of the Christian  
Armies; and how Sr. George made an Oration to the Sol-  
diers.

**A**fter the Seven Champions of Christendom arrived in their  
native Countries, and by true Rumors had blazed abroad  
to every Nations ear, the many Kingdoms of the Romans, and  
also the Kingdoms of Africa and Asia, had sent forth their Forces  
to the Invasion of Europe: The Christian Kings then at the sug-  
gest of the Champions appointed many Armies of well appoin-  
ted Soldiers, both by Sea and Land, to intercept the Turks  
wicked Intention. Likewise by the humble request of Christendom  
the Noble and Fortunate Champion of England, Sr. George, was  
appointed chief General, and principal Leader of the Armies;  
and the other six Champions were chosen by the Council and  
chief Ministers in all Kingdoms that adhered to the benedi-  
ct of Christendom, for the furtherance of their fortunate Enter-  
prises.

This honorable War to fire the hearts of many youthful  
Gentlemen, and to encourage the minds of every common Soldier,  
that some might follow their Leader, and at their own proper  
Charges furnished themselves; some sold their Patrimonies to  
serve in these honorable Wars; and other some sold their Parents,  
Wives, Children, Friends, and Acquaintance, and with-  
out constraint of Selling, offered themselves to follow the Noble  
General, as the Renowned Champion of England, and to spend  
their Blood in the just Quarrel of their Native Country. So  
be that, one might behold the Streets of every Town and City  
throughout all the Dominions of Europe, beset with a crowd  
of Soldiers, which thrived after nothing but Fame and Honour.



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Then the joyful sound of thundering Drums, and the Echoes of silver Trumpets, summoning them to Arms; that followed with as much willingness as the Grecians followed Agamemnon to the woful overthrow of Troy: For by that time the Christian Champions had spoiled themselves in the Bosome of their kind Distresses, the forward Captains taken their Courtly Vestiments, and the willing Souldiers had adieu to their Friends and Acquaintance, the Spring had covered the Earth with a new Liberty: which was the appointed time the Christian Armies should meet in Portugal, there to joyn their several Troops into one Legion: which Promise caused the Champions to bid adieu to their Native Country, and with all speed to buckle on their Furnitures, to hoise up Sails, where after a short time, the Wind with a calm and prosperous Gale, cast them happily into the Bay of Portugal.

The first that arrived in that famous Haven, was the Noble Champion S. George, with an hundred thousand Courageous English Soldiers, whose forwardness betokened a fortunate success, and their willing minds a joyful Victory. His Army set in Battellarray, seemed to countervail the number of the Macedonian Soldiers, wherewith worthy Alexander Conquered the Western World, his Footmen being in number twenty thousand, were armed all in black Cozlets: Their Lances bound about with Plates of Steel, their Swords covered with small three times double: Their Colours were the sanguine Cross, supported by a Golden Aron: His Lincie wore much like a Comb, being grey Gold, being in former times bathed in the sacred Earth, being in number likewise twenty thousand, all in red Sandallians, with Caps of the same colour, bearing therein likewise a sanguine Cross, being the true Badge and Colour of England: Their Bows of the strongest Wood, and their Arrows of the soundest Ash, with soaked heads of Steel, and their Feathers bound on with green Wax and twisted Silk. His Bulqueters being in number ten thousand, their Bulquers of the holdest Box, with Firelocks, wrought by various workmanship, yet of such wonderful lightness, that they required no rest at all to ease their right aiming Arms. His Caliver likewise ten thousand of the smaller limbed Men, but not of as Courageous minds as the called Soldiers in his Army. His Pikes and Bills to guard the waving Ensigns, thirty thousand, clad all with glittering bright Armour: Likewise followed ten thousand labouring Bioners, if occasion served, to undermine any Town or Castle, to trench Fozes of Decences, or to make a Passage through Hills and Mountains, as worthy Hannibal did, when he made a way for his Souldiers through the lofty Alps, that al-  
bide the Countreys of Italy and Spain.

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The next that arrived within the Bay of Portugal, was the noble-minded Champion St. David of Wales, with an Army of Fifty Thousand true born Britains, furnished with all Equipments of War, for so Noble and Gallant a Service to the high Renown of his Countrey, and true Honour of his Brethren. Their Armour in richness nothing inferior to the English men's: Their Colours were a Golden Cross, supported by a Silver Griffin; which Emblazon signified the ancient Arms of Wales: for no sooner had St. George a sight of the Gallant Britains, but he caused his Musketeers presently to entertain them with a Volley of Shot, to express their happy and joyful welcome to Shore, which speedily they performed to courageously with such a rattling noise, as though the firmament had burst in tunder, and the Earth made echo to their thundring Orisons. But no sooner were the Wales cleared from the smoke of the smoking Powder, and that St. George might at pleasure discern the Noble and Magnanimous Champion of Wales, who as then rode upon a white horse, habited in Silver Armour, guarded with a Train of Knights in purple Vestures, but he greeted St. David with kind Courtesies, and accompanied him to the English Tent, where they had erected close by the Dox-house, where for that night these two Champions remained, spending the time both with mutual pleasure: And so upon the next day after, St. David departed to his own Tent, which he had caused to be pitched a quarter of a League from the English Army.

The next that arrived on the British Banks of Portugal, was St. Patrick the great Champion of Ireland, with an Army like unto that of Fifty Thousand, attired after a strange and wonderful manner: Their Furnitures were of the skins of wild beasts, but yet more wonderful than the strongest Armour of Steel: They bore in their hands mighty Bows, tipped at the end with burning Fire, which the Christian and Mahometan Soldiers by the agility of their Arms, could throw a full furlong, and with terrible strength, would strike thro' of four Inches into an Oak, and with such a certain aim, they would not miss the forehead of a Fox.

These numerous and hardy Soldiers as soon arrived on the Shore, but the English Musketeers gave them a kindly Entertainment, and presently conducted the noble-minded Champion St. Patrick to the English Tent, where the three Champions of England, Wales, and Ireland, passed away the time both receiving great Hospitality, laying down Blows how to pitch their Camps on the most advantageous of the misbelieving Enemies, and setting forth reasons which way they were best to March, and such like Discourses, by their own wisdom, and the benefit of Christendom.

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The next that landed on the Banks of Portugal, was St. Andrew the worthy Champion of Scotland, with five-score thousand of well-appointed Soldiers: His Horse-men, the old adventurous Gallies, clad in quilted Breasts, with Lances of the Turkish fashion, thick and short, beating upon them Beavers the Arms of Scotland, which was a coner Cross supported by a naked Virgin: His Footmen the full and hardy Men of Breda, which continued to live upon freezing Mountains, the Joy-Rock and the Grindoy Glades, his shot, the light-footed Paridonians, that if occasion be, can climb the highest Hill, and for nimbleness in running over to the Court-maid Song. These bold adventurous Scottish Men in all former combats, defeated as many famous as the English Champion's hands as any other Nations before, therefore he commanded his foot on their first entry on Land, to give them a Noble Entertainment, which they performed most loyally, and also conducted St. Andrew to the English Tent, where after he had given M. George the Countess of his Country, departed to his Tent, which was distant from the English Tent a Mile.

The next that arrived was Sir Anthony the Champion of Italy, with a Band of four-score thousand brave Italian Soldiers mounted on warlike Couriers, every Vanguard attended on by a naked Slave, beating in his hand a Tambour of brachet Sells, with the Arms of Italy therein set in Gold, every Footman furnished with armour, furnished in as brave a manner as the English-men had at their landing, received as Royal an Entertainment as the other Nations, and likewise Sir Anthony was as highly honoured by the English Champions as any of the other Christian Nations, and so on to the end of the world.

The next that arrived was Sir Donde the Turkish Champion, with a Band of four-score thousand. After him followed the rest of the several Nations, then under the Government of the Persian King; every one clad with proper Colours and Charges, maintained two thousand Soldiers in their Christian Alliance, their Entertainment were as glorious as the rest.

The last of the Christian Champions that arrived upon the fringed Banks of Portugal, was the Spanish Knight Sir James of Spain, with a Band likewise of four-score thousand, with him he brought from the Spanish Mines ten Wain of Refined Gold, only to maintain Soldiers in the Defence of Christendom; but not being satisfied with his Troop, but the Six Champions gave him the honourable Instance of a Soldier, and obtained a full leave to go to the general Arms, whose number fully furnished five hundred thousand; which Nations they converted into



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into one Camp-Royal, and after placing their things and Squads in Battle-array, chiefly by the direction of St. George, being then chief General by the consent of the Christian Kings: And after he had over-viewed the Christian Armies, his Countenance seemed to promulgate a Crowned Victory, and to foretell a fatal Overthrow to the unbelieving Potentates: Thereupon to encourage his princely Followers to persevere in their wonted willingness, he pronounced this princely Oration.

You Men of Europe (said he) and my Country-men, whose Conquering Fortunes never yet have feared the Enemies of Christ, you see we have forsook our Native Lands, and committed our Destinies to the Queen of Chance, not to fight in any unjust Quarrel, but in the true Cause of Israel's Anointed. not against Nature to climb to the Heavens, as Nimrod and the Giants professed in former time; but to prevent the Inubation of Christendom, the Ruine of Europe, and the intended overthrow of all Christian Provinces, the Bloody-minded Infidels have Suffered up Legions, in numbers like blades of Grass, that grow upon the flourishing Downs of Italy, of the Stars of Heaven in the coldest winters night, protesting to fill our Countries with Seas of Blood, to scatter our Streets with mangled Limbs, and convert our glorious Cities into Flames of quenchless Fire: Therefore dear Country-men, like not to see our Christian Virgins Spoiled by Lustfull Rape, nor dragged along our Streets like guiltless Lambs to a bloody Slaughter: nor to see our harmless Babes, with bruised Heads, dashed against hard Flinty Stones, nor to see our widows, whose hair resembles Silver, Sown in blessing on the Marble Pavements: but like true Christian Soldiers fight in the Quarrel of your Countries. What, though the Baggage be in number ten to one, yet Heaven I know will fight for Christendom, and cast them down before our faces, like drops of April Showers. Be our dismayed to see them in ordered Ranks, nor fear not when ye see beheld the Oceaners hovering in the waving wood, like our steeled Bikes like to a Throng of Red-bellied Devils, whose Countreys: And thousands of them I know will have no heart to fight, but fly with cowardly fear like flocks of Sheep before the greedy Wolf. I am the Leader of your noble Bands, that never fought in vain, nor ever entered Battle but returned with conquest. When every one will me build upon this princely Resolution. For Christendom we Fight, For Christendom we Live and Die. This princely Oration was no longer finished, but the whole Army with a general voice cried, in Arms, in Arms, with our own George of England: Which noble Resolution of the Soldiers, so rejoiced the



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the English Champion, and likewise encouraged the other Christian Knights with such a forwardness of mind, that they gave speedy Commandment to remove their Tents, and to March with ease Journeys towards Tripoly in Barbary, where Almidor the black King of Morocco had Residence, in which Exchequer the must leave for a while the Christian Army, and speak of the innumerable Troops of Pagan Knights, that arrived at one instant in the Kingdom of Hungary, and how they fell at variance in the Election of a General: which civil Butyry caused much effusion of blood, to the great hurt both of Africa and Asia, as here followeth.

## CHAP. XIV.

Of the Division and Discord that hapned amongst the Army of the Pagans in Hungary, the Rival betwixt the Christians and the Moors in Barbary, and how Almidor the Black King of Morocco was fadden to Death in a Cauldron of boiling Lead and Brimstone.

**T**HE Pagan Pagans after they had Rebuilt their Martins Forts, both by Sea and Land, repaired to their general place of meeting, there to conclude of the latter Battle of Chastendorn. For no longer could Winter hold out his chill Frow from the Earth, and Storm took possession of his place, but the Kingdom of Hungary suffered excessive penury, though the numberless Armies of accursed Infidels, bring their appointed place of meeting: for though Hungary of all other Countreys both in Africa and Asia, then was the richest and plentifullest of Animals to maintain a Camp of Men, yet was it mightily overpzen and greatly burthened with Multitudes, not only with want of necessaries to relieve Soldiers, but with extreme cruelty of those bloody-minded Infidels, that through a Civil Discord which hapned amongst them, about the Election of a General, they converted their Union into most inhumane slaughter, and their Triumphant Victory to a dismal bloody Tragedy: For no longer arrived their Regions upon the Plains of Algernoi, being in length and breadth one and twenty Leagues, but the King of Hungary caused their Spouter-Roll to be publicly read, and justly numbrd in the hearing of the

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van Knights, which in this manner was proclaimed through the Camp. Be it known unto all Nations that fight in the Quarrel of Africa and Asia, under the Conduct of our three great Gods, Mahomet, Tarmagant, and Apelle, what invincible Forces be now arrived in this Renowned Kingdom of Hungary, a Land honoured through the World, not only for Arms, but curious Buildings and plentifulled with all manner of Riches.

First, we have from the Emperor of Constantinople, two hundred thousand. From the Emperor of Syria, two hundred and fifty thousand. From the Emperor of Tartary, an hundred threescore and three thousand. From the Souldan of Persia, two hundred thousand. From the King of Jerusalem, four hundred thousand. Of Perses, one hundred and twenty thousand. Of Cole Black Negro's, one hundred and forty thousand. Of Arabians, one hundred and sixty thousand. Of Babylonians, one hundred and thirty thousand and odd. Of Armenians, one hundred and fifty thousand. Of Macedonians, two hundred and ten thousand. Of Circassians, fifteen thousand six hundred. Of Hungarians, three hundred and six thousand. Of Scythians, seven thousand three hundred. Of Scythians, one hundred and five thousand. Of Parthians, ten thousand three hundred. Of Phrygians, seven thousand three hundred. Of Ethiopians, sixty thousand. Of Thracians, forty score thousand. Likewise from the Provinces of Prester John, three hundred thousand of unconquered Knights, with many other petty Dominions and Potentates, whose number I omit for this time, lest I should seem superfluous to the Reader.

But to conclude, such a Camp of Armed Soldiers arrived in Hungary, that might in one Month have destroyed Christendom, had not God defended them from these Barbarous Nations, and by his invincible power confounded the Pagans in their own practices: for no sooner had the Herald proclaimed through the Camp what a number of Nations joined in Arms together, but the Soldiers fell at dissention one with another, about the Election of a General: some vowed to follow none but the King of Jerusalem: some Ptolemy the Egyptian King: and some the Souldan of Persia, either to persevere in their own wills, or to lose their lives in the same Quarrel.

Thus in this manner, Wars were taken on all sides, not only by the meaner sort, but by Leaders and Commanders of Battels: whereby the Princes and Potentates were forced to commit their

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Walls to their Enemies pleasure: This civil hell consumed the whole Army, that many withdrew their Forces and presently withdrew themselves: as the King of Morocco with his Tatarry Slaves, and Tule-black Negroes: likewise the Mountains of Persia, Polony, the Egyptian Kings, the Kings of Arabia and Jerusalem, every one departed to their own Countries, during the time they attempted first to gain an Entrance. The rest not minding to pocket up abuses, fell from handling Worlds to domestic Wars, where the great civil Wars and bloody Wars, that it cost more Soldiers Lives, than the Civil Wars at the Destruction of Jerusalem. Which Battle by the cruel Pagans continued without ceasing for the space of three days, in which Encounters, the number of Infidels like scattered Corn, over-lay the Fields of Hungary: The fruitful Valleys lay dyed in purple gore: the Fields of Corn consumed with flames of Fire: their Towns and Cities Burned with burning War, wherein the Fathers were slain witnesses of their Childrens slaughter, and the Sons beheld their Parents Reverend hairs, more white than rich silver, besmeared with clotted blood: there might the Mothers see their harmless Babes run up and down the streets upon Soldiers Lances: there might they see their taken Dinamens and rich Armour in pools of blood lie swimming up and down: there might they see the banners of horses run up and down the streets against hard smiter strokes: there might they see their Courts and Palaces by Soldiers turned to the ground: there might they see their Counsellors in their Charles Bonnets lay burning in the fire: there might they see the Kings and Queens were slain in Arm consumed to ashes: there might they behold and see infinite Gold in choaked Mines lay every where: there might they see the bloodiest Tragedies that ever the beheld, and the worstest action that ever Christians ears heard told. In this long and bloody War one sucking Child was the last alive to report the story to succeeding ages, no not so much as a Soldier to carry Arms throughout the Kingdom of Hungary: To kill was the Abundance of God throned upon the heads of these insubduing Infidels, that durst attempt to lift their hands against the true anointed Nations: for no doubt but the invincible Arm of Pagans had humiliated the Borders of Europe, had not the mighty Arm of God with his unspeakable mercy been Christians deliverer, and confounded the Infidels in their own civil Wars, which bloody and strange Whoredom of those unchristian Devils, lay up for ever bury in the Line of Division, and perform in the following proceedings of the seven Champions of Christianity, who had entered the Bo-







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to be continued, Flesh, Blood, and Bones: which was duly performed within seven days following. The heauen Castle was then treach'd by the appointment of Sir George, directly in the middle of the chiefeſt Market place, under which a mighty hot fire continually burn'd, for the ſpace of eight and forty hours: whereby the boiling Lead and Gunpowder ſeem'd to ſparkle like fiery Furnaces in Hell, and the heat to exceed the burning Oven at Babylon.

Now all things being thus prepared in readineſſe, and the Chilian Champions willing to behold the ſpectacle, the Condemned Blackmoor King came to the place of Execution in a ſhirt of fine Indian ſilk, his hands pinched together with a Chain of Gold, and his face covered with a Diamond Mask, his Attendants and chief Champions twelve in all, ſtood in ſtable Order of Parity, carrying before him the Altar of Fortune, with the Picture of an Archer climbing up, with this Motto on his Breaſt, I will be King in time of Fortune: Upon the top of the Altar the Picture of a Warrior bounding, with this Motto on his Breaſt, I am a King in time of Fortune: Laſtly, on the other ſide of the Altar, the Picture of perfect Image of a Deſpoſed Potentate, lying ſluggiſh with his head downwaies, with this Motto on his Breaſt, I have been a King: what it pleas'd Fortune: Which plainly ſignified the Change of State, and of inconstant Deſtiny: His Guard was a ſtrong Company of Chilian Soldiers, holding Fortune in diſſimulation: Behind him ſtood a number of Mexico Virgins in black Dismenments, their Hair coming up with ſilver Dyers, and covered with Wreaths of black ſilk, ſignifying the Mourne of their Country for the loſe of their ſoveraign. At this mournful manner came the unfortunate Aſſaſin to the Altar of Caution; which when he came thither, his heart melted with grief, and his tongue deſpoil'd of utterance for a time, at laſt he ſpoke forth with moſt earnest Exhortations; preſſing unto his King that the whole Kingdom of Barbary could perform.

Most Mighty and Invincible Champion of Chriſtendom: (which he) let my Life be Ransomed, and Thou ſhalt yearly receive 200 Tuns of tryed Gold, Five hundred wels of weaver Silk, the which our Indian Maids ſhall ſit and Spin with Silver Wheels upon hundred Ships of Spices, and Refined Sugar ſhall be yearly paid thee by our Barbary Merchants: an hundred Waggons like ſilke laden with Pearl and Jasper Stones, which by our cunning Lapidiffs ſhall be yearly choſen forth and brought thee home to England; to make this blessed Country the richer within the Commons of

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**Curtain:** Likewise, I will deliver up my Diadem, with all my princely Dignities, and in company with these chosen Soulds, like bridled Horses draw me daily in a never ceasing race up and down the circled Earth, till Death give end to our Lives Pilgrimage; therefore most admired Knight at Arms, let these fair tears that trickle from the Conduits of my eyes, obtain one grant of comfort at thy hands, for on my limited knees I beg for life, that never before this time did touch a Mortal Man, 'till I met thee I pray.

Thou feedest in vain (cries a Sol. George) and the Treasures  
hidden in the Desert Seas, and all the golden Mines of rich Amer-  
ica, shall reveal thy Shame. Thou knowest, scoundrel Economic,  
the lucky chance in the Roman Court, where thou professed  
thyself to be heretic and of my life; through thee I reached a  
crimson & long, and abundant in Persia; where my then friend  
I drank from a hamed-wine, and infused my hand, when I said  
I was dead. See How thou hast profane Hell of Earth and Hell,  
and now taking place a dismal Dungeon, where neither Sun nor  
the cheerful Light of Heaven can be comfort nor my long con-  
fined misery. For which I am now beating and prostrate in  
rich the Eastern mines for a happy exchange, which in this  
manner shall be accomplished.

Thou wilt the Emperor prepared for the death, this he has  
children killed with dagger, sword and bombards, whereas the  
curved bow shall be specially used, and broken all the limbs  
be confined to a more substance in this looking glass,  
therefore prepare the self to entertain the violent stroke of sword  
and dagger, be all the things, dignities, honours, Empire, &  
in this substance, that thou bestows in a Christian's heart,  
and thou shalt be called, thou shalt be forgiven upon some  
humble prayer, though thy sins be as red as scarlet, and yet not  
be accounted against thee, for the consideration I will grant thee  
there is no sword, the sword built to take the Pope Tarnegans  
and such, shall be the extermination of them, and believe me  
and thou shalt see them, under whose banner the Christ  
and his saints shall march, and that. Secondly, Thou shalt  
give Christians, and that is to the former Nations, but he  
is in the Church of Christ, and lastly, The the four  
kingdoms of Turkey, Morocco, and India, shall be all given  
to all Christian Kings, and also to best some law in the  
Quarter of Christ and his Christian Nations, where thou  
shalt observe, and shall be ordered, and the same shall  
be observed, and shall be, but a sword and not a dagger.



## Seven Champions of Christendom.

He stands a champion of Christendom, to be maintained through the City, which, after continuing in the space of seven years, in more modest form, Royalty, that the Emperor of Morocco, when the Moroccan Emperor returned from the Holy Land, in the year of 1501, the Champions Liberty secured and settled. Love in the hearts of the Moroccan people, that with a general content they chose St. George as their champion. Where after they had invaded Britain the British King of the Moroccan Emperor, they set the Crown upon his head, and after presented him with an Imperial Pall, which the Kings of Barbary usually wore upon their coronation day, promising to forsake their heathen Religion, and be Christianized in the Faith of Christ. This promise of Conversion of the Infidels, more highly delighted the English Champion, than to have the whole world a conqueror in Command: for it was the chief point of his knightly oath to advance the Faith of Christ, and to enlarge the bounds of Christiandom: After his Conversion had so solemnly performed, the other six Champions continued him to a sumptuous Palace, where he had true Allegiance of the Moroccan King, by which he was to be heir to his Crown: After this he enlarged the Christian Faith in the benefit of the whole Country: then he commanded all the Ceremonious Rites of Mahomet, to be trodden under foot, and the true Gospel of Christ to be preached: likewise he caused all the Infidels to remain in Barbary to be Christianized in the true Faith: but this Obsequious continued but for a time, as hereafter shall be observed at large: For Prince had intention to let the English Champion keep to remain in the Isle of Sicily, and to leave them to provide in the Noble French Kingdom, and to supply the supply their soldiers, whose Armour Carried Car had some heavy bucklers. Therefore St. George committed the Government of the Country to four of the principal Lords of Morocco, and himself to leave the Country of Egypt, where lived Treacherous Foulmouth the Father of his beloved Lady Sabra, whom he had left in the Kingdom of England: In which Journey and Voyage arriving in Egypt, we will leave the Seven Champions for a time, and speak of the Faithless Infidels in Barbary, after the departure of the Champions, whose former promises they highly regarded: The new former had St. George with his martial troops, whom they Country avied, but the Faithless Infidels renounced themselves in their former Gods, and persecuted a cruel Persecution for the benefit of Mahomet against all Christians that remained within the bounds of the Moroccan Nation: For there were many soldiers stationed in the late Palace, whose a number opposed with weapons.



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which the Christian Commonwealth had left behind for their better recovery: upon whom the Merchants, when committed their first Tyranny; for they caused the distressed Soldiers to be taken upon sleds to the uttermost parts of the River, and then put them into a large and old Gallies, which they presently set on fire, and most inhumanely burned the Christian Soldiers; and after converted the place into a place of death; many children and uncounted Children they dragged up, and cast the strings till their Brains were dashed against the stones, and the blood covered the Earth with a purple hue: Many other Cruelties were committed by the wicked Indians, against the distressed Christians, which I purpose to pass over, and briefly discourse of the most and blood-murder of an English Merchant and his Wife in the same City of Mexico: The report whereof may force even merciless Eyes to relent, and those eyes to shed Springs of Tears that never more be dry. The bloody-minded Negro, violating both Oaths and Agreements, being brought to San George, by violence set upon the Merchant's House, where first they made a Massacre of his Servants, and before his face cast their dead Bodies to hang at their Doors: Then coming to the Merchant, they bound him fast with thumpen Cords to the strongest post in his House, and after took his Children, being seven of the gentlest Boys that they could find, whom they likewise tied round about him: then one of the Negroes being crueler than the rest, proffered to deflower the Merchant's Wife before his face; but she in Chastity like Anna, choosing rather an honourable death than an infamous life, put in the Negro's face, and most bitterly reviled him, picturing the murder in his face, not his bloody cheeks; but watching a knife from his Girdle, poised to death it in her Bosom, before the world lost her precious Gem of Honour, that once being gone, could not be recovered for all the alluring Treasures.

This Railing of the English Merchant's Wife, caused the Stern Negro to stand in Cruelty, but the Principal of that wicked company being a bloody and merciless Tyrant, called one of the silly Children before the Merchant's face.

Now Goodwife Dame (quoth he) wilt thou yield to my desires, and preserve the lives of the other six Children? Otherwife shalt thou behold them butchered in the same manner. To sell my Honour for the lives of my Child, (replied she) will be an Offence to God, and a continual corrosion to my Husband's heart, if we live together: Therefore accursed Devil, prosecute your Tyranny: It is not all your threats and bloody dealings shall convert my chaste mind, nor once entice my thoughts to give any consent.

Their

## Seven Champions of Christendom.

These women being no longer wives, but the lustful Sons took more care of her Children, and stabbed through her Husband's face, thinking thereby to force the Merchant to intertreat his Wife; to consent to the wicked Negro's determinations; but he being as resolute as his virtuous Wife, spoke in this manner: *Oh you cursed black Dogs of Barbary, more worse in quality than bloody Tygers, and more merciless than wicked Cannibals, think you that the Honour of our Children shall enforce our hearts to yield to your Lustful desires? No, no; persevere in your Tyrannies: I had an hundred Children, those the number of King Brian's, yet would I lose them all, before I would endure to see my Wife's Dishonour: Children may be begotten again, but her honour never recovered.*

These women pushed the Negro's to the gall, and caused them to commit the wickedest Deed that ever was committed under the Celestial Globe of Heaven: First, they sheathed their poniards in the Breasts of all the Merchant's Children, whose guiltless blood stained all the Chamber with a crimson colour, then with their Faulchions did they cut their Wives in sunder, and caused seven Dishes to be made of their flesh, and after served in a Banquet to their woful Parents, whom the merciless Moors set at a square Table, the Merchant placed directly opposite against his Wife, where they were constrained either to feed upon their own Children, or starve for want of other Sustenance.

This woful spectacle struck such a Blow into the Merchant's heart, that he could scarce endure to speak for weeping: his Wife, when she beheld the heads of her lovely Sons lying upon the Table, as if they were looking to Heaven for Revenge, breathed forth this dying Lamentation.

*O silly Babes, would you had been strangled in my Womb at your first conception! then should not these accursed Infidels have triumph'd thus in your unhapp'd Deaths, nor your unfortunate Parents sigh'd thus, looking up, whereon I pray that never Sun may shine again, but be accounted an ominous day throughout the whole World: I hope (poor Babes) that I shall retain a Gorge of Malice in their heads, that have caused my own untimely death, and with this Prayer I bid the World Adieu, till I come to the Kingdoms of the Dead, to comfort the boundless Reason, that I have bereaved of her breath, when she was forced to give up her Soul to the Powers of Hell: I am being no longer dead, but am tormented like my wife's bitter enemies against the Iron pillars of Fortune, and the Evening of the Barbarous Moors, accounting his Death my own, haply upon the Turkish Kings, that*

3

buried





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Wildernesses, and clove his thicket in hollow trees; many  
 rugged Caves in the Ground, where they thought not to remain  
 in safety: and many filds to high Mountains, where ever long time  
 was in great extremity, toroling upon the Gates of the Ground:  
 to greatly the Egyptians feared the King of the Christians, that  
 they expected nothing but the coming of their Countrey, both the  
 loss of their own lives, and the murder of their Children and Wives.

But to speak of the Christian Champions, who finding the  
 Countrey desolate of Men, in need long day, of the Egypti-  
 ans, thinking them to have killed their Gallies, for an odd  
 day: A certain day, George gave commandment to draw  
 the whole Camp, that not a Man upon pain of death should  
 break his Rank, but March bravely with their Gallies ready  
 to encounter Babel, as though the Enemies had directly  
 placed themselves against them: Which special charge the  
 Christian Soldiers only observed, taking neither fear the Babel  
 of Cities, nor the sound of Gallies, but circumspectly waited  
 according to their Leaders directions along the Countrey of Egypt,  
 till they approach the Gate of King Ptolemy's Court: Which when  
 the Noble Champions of England beheld, in this manner encour-  
 aged by his Followers.

Brother (said he) you unprincipall Captains of Christendom, you  
 for those cursed Towers where King Ptolemy kept his Court  
 those Battlements, I say, were then as high as the great  
 Pyramids of Egypt, yet should they be subverted and laid as level  
 with the Ground, as the City of Carthage: there hath that  
 cruel Ptolemy his Religion, that for extending his Dominion  
 from the burning Region, I remember and mention, which  
 were for seven years, I lived in great extremity in a distant Coun-  
 try, where the Sun did never give me light, nor the company of  
 people comfort: In keeping which, my heart shall never rest  
 in quiet, till I see the Battlements of his Palace set on fire, and con-  
 verted into a place of desolation, like to the City of Troy in  
 Phrygia, now overspread with stinking weeds and loathsome muds:  
 Therefore let all Christian Soldiers, that fight under the Banner  
 of Christendom, and all that like George of England your Chief  
 General, draw forth your Martiall Weapons, and let the angry  
 Greeks overturn those glittering Battlements; leave the one stone  
 upon another, but lay it as level with the ground, as the Babel  
 Towers do: Fields of ripened Corn, let your warlike Souldiers  
 tread upon these Towers like drops of April Showers, or like  
 Winters Frost, that it may be bruited through the whole World.



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what just Vengeance did light upon the Bride of Egypt: Leave not (I say) as you love your General, when you have subverted the Palace, die with alibe, no not a sucking Babe, but let them suffer Vengeance for the wickedness of their King: This is my Decree, brave Knights of Christendom, therefore March forthwards: Heaven and Fortune be your good speed.

At which words the Soldiers gave a general shout, in sign of their boiling minds. Then began the like Screamers to flourish in the Air, the Drums cheerfully to sound forward, the Silver Trumpets recorded Echoes of Victory, the barbed Swords grew proud of this Attempt, and would stand upon no Ground, but leap and dance with as much Courage as his Bucephalus the Horse of the Macedonian Alexander, always before any notable Victory: yet every thing gave an evident sign of good success, as well sensible things as living Creatures.

With this Resolution marched the Christians, purposing the utter confusion of the Egyptian, and the total Ruine and Destruction of Ptolemy's sumptuous Palace. But when the Soldiers approached the Gates with martial weapons ready to assault, there came pacing out thereat, the Egyptian King, with all the children of his House, attired in black and mournful Disments, bearing in their hands Olive-branches: Next them the bravest Soldiers in Egypt, bearing in their hands broken weapons, silvered Lances, and iron Intentions: Likewise followed thousands of Women and Children, with Tapers Wheat about their heads, and in their hands Olive-branches, crying for Mercy to the Christians. That they should not utterly destroy their declining Country, but shew mercy to unhappy Egypt: This unexpected sight, or rather admirable wonder, caused St. George to sound a Retreat, and gave commandment through the Christian Army, to withhold their former bloody Vengeance from the Egyptians, till he understood what they required: Which Charge being given and duly observed, St. George with the chief Champions came together, and admitted the Egyptian King with his Nobles to their Presence, who in this manner began to speak to his Country.

You unconquered Knights of Christendom, whose worthy stories and Noble Achievements the whole World admires, let him that never kneeled to any Man till now, and in former times disdained to humble himself to any Potentate on Earth; let him I say, the most impetrate Wretch alive, crave mercy, not for my self, but for my Country; my Commons Blood will be requir'd at my hand: Our Murdered Infants will call to Heaven for Revenge.

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Revenge, and our slaughtered Widows sink down to Hell for Revenge: so will the Vengeance of Heaven light upon my Soul, and the Curse of Hell upon my Head.

Renowned Champion of England, under whose Custody my dear Daughter is kept, even for the love of her be merciful to Egypt.

The former Wrongs I proffered thee when I sent thee, like a guiltless Lamb, into Persia, was contrary to my Will: for I was incensed by the flattery of that accursed Black-moor King, whose Soul for ever be scourged with whips of wyre, and plagued with the punishment of Tantalus in Hell: If my life will serve for a just Revenge, here is my naked Breast, let my heart-blood stain some Christian's Sword, that you may bear the bloody Wounds of my death into Christendom, or let me be torn into a thousand pieces by mad untamed Steeds, as was Hippolytus Son of Theseus in his charmed Chariot.

Most Mighty Controulers of the World, command the dearest things in Egypt, they be at your pleasures, we will forsake our Gods, and believe in that God which you commonly adore; for he is the true and living God, ours false and hateful in the sight of Heaven.

This penitent Lamentation of the Egyptian King caused the Christian Champions to relent, but especially St. George, who having a heart beautified with a well-spring of Piety, not only granted Mercy to the whole Country, but purchased Ptolemy his birth of Life, upon condition that he would perform what he had promised; which was to forsake his false Gods, and believe in our true God, Christ Jesus.

This kindness of St. George, almost ravished Ptolemy with joy, and the whole Land, both Peers and Commons, more rejoiced at the friendship of the Christians, than if they had been made Lords of the Western World. The News of this happy Union was heard in all the parts of Egypt; whereto the Commons that before fled for fear into Woods and Wildernesses, Dens and Caves, Hills and Mountains, returned joyfully to their own Habitations, and caused Bonfires to be made in every City, Town, and Village; the Bells of Egypt ring day and night, for the space of a week; in every place was seen Banqueting, Dancing, and Feasting; Sorrows was banished, Wars forgotten, and Wars proclaimed.

The King at his own Charges obtained a sumptuous and costly Banquet for the Christian Champions, whereto for Bounty it recorded that which the Trojans made, when Paris returned from Greece,

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Greece, with the Conquest of Medea's Queen. The Banqueting House was built with Cyprus Iron, covered with the pure adamant stone; so that neither Steel, nor brass could come therein, but it was presently drawn to the top of the Roof. As for the variety of Services which graced forth the Banquet, it were tedious to repeat; but to be brief, what both the Land and Sea could afford, was there present. The Servitors that attended the Champions at the Banquet, were attired in Damask Vestments wrought with the purest Silk the Indian Virgins spun upon their silver Spindles; at every Course the Servitors brought in a Consort of Egyptian Ladies, who on their Ivory Lutes framed forth such admired Harmonies, that it surpassed Orion's Musick, which when he was cast into the Sea, caused the Dolphins to bring him safe to the Shore, or the sweetness of Orpheus his silver Harp, which made both Stones and Trees to dance; or the melody of Apollo's inspiring Musick, when he descended to the lower parts for the love of Daphne. These pleasures so ravished the Christian Champions, that they forgot the sound of Warlike Drums, which were wont to call them forth to bloody Battels. But these delights continued but a short time, for there arrived a Knight from England, that brought such unexpected News to St. George, that changed his Joy into extreme sorrow; for after this manner began the Messenger to tell his wondrous Tale:

Our England's Champion (said he) instead of Arms get Swallow's wings, and flee to England, if ever thou wilt see thy beloved Lady, for she is judged to be burned at a stake for murdering the Earl of Coventry; whose initial Deities would have stained her Honour with Infamy, and made her the scorn of Vertuous Women. Yet this Mercy is granted by the King of England, that if within twelve Month a Champion may be found, that for her sake will venture his life, if it be his fortune to overcome the true Challenger of her Death, she shall live; but if it be his fatal Destiny to be Conquered, then must she suffer the heavy Judgment before pronounced; therefore as you love the life of your chaste and beloved Lady, haste into England, delay no time, nor delay is dangerous, and her life is hazard to be lost.

This wondrous Discourse struck such a terror to St. George's heart, that he fled to the Arabian King, and when there a time they stood gazing one in another's face, as though they had been bestricken of their wits, not able to speak one word; but at last St. George recovered his former sense, and declared forth this sorrowful Tale.







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rest for pleasure, but she (kind Lady) delighting her self by the River side, a sudden and strange alteration troubled her mind; for the Chain of Gold that she did wear about her Neck, presently changed colour, from a yellow burnisht brightness, to a dim paleness: Her Rings fell from her fingers, and from her Nose fell drops of blood, whereat her heart began to throb, her ears to glow, and every joynt to tremble with fear. This strange Accident caused her speedily to haste homewards: But by the way she met the Earl of Coventry, walking at that time to take the pleasure of the Evening Air, with such a Train of worthy Gentlemen, as though he had been the greatest Peer in England: Whose sight when she beheld afar off, her heart began to misgive, thinking that Fortune had allotted those Gentlemen to punish her some Injury: so that upon her Cheeks Fear had set a Vermilion dye, whereby her Beauty grew admirable; which when the Earl beheld, he was ravished therewith, and deemed her the excellentest Creature that ever Nature framed, their meeting was silent: She shewed the humility of a Vertuous Lady, and he the courtesie of a kind Gentleman: She departed homewards, and he into the Fields, she thinking all danger past, but he practised in his mind her utter Ruin and Down-fall: For the Dart of Love had shot from her beautiful Cheeks into his heart, not true Love, but Lust: so that nothing might quench his desire, but the Conquest of her Chastity. Such extreme Passion bewitched his mind, that he caused his servants every one to depart: And then like a discontented Swan he wandered up and down the Fields, hearing in his mind a thousand sundry ways to obtain his desire: for without he enjoyed her Love, he was likely to live in endless languishment: But at last he agreed on this passion of Love.

O! you immortal Powers! who have you transported her from an Earthly Love to an Heavenly Angel? Sabra is no mortal Creature but a Divine Substance; her Beauty is a Ray unto the Queen of Love, and her Countenance of more Majesty than Junos Grace: Her twinkling eyes that glister like the Samson Beams, and her beauteous Cheeks more pleasant than Roses ripe in June, have pierced my heart with the quacks of Love, and her Love I will enjoy, or else my self. O! but there is a Bar which thwarts kind Passion, and hinders my desires. St. George, I mean, is her true and lawful Husband, the honour of whose Bed, she will not violate for all the Kingdoms of the World. Alas, kind-hearted soul that I am, Sabra is beautiful, and therefore to be tempted: She is a Virgin, and therefore easy to be won, and I am a Gentleman, and therefore easy to be won. I will therefore endeavour to win her, and she will be won.

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is sporting in the fields of Mars, then why may not he take pleasure in the Chamber of Venus: I will use my flattering glosses, many kind speeches, and many sweet embraces, but I will crop that Bud, which but to taste I would give my whole Lands and Revenues: I will tell her St. George is a wanderer, and one that will never return, whereas I am a mighty Peer in England, and one that can accomplish whatsoever he desires. Many other circumstances this Lustful Earl used to flatter himself in this vain conceit. At last the scolding night with pitchy Clouds began to overspread the brightsome Heavens, whereby he was forced to repair homewards, and to smother up his Love in silence, no quiet sleep that night could enter into his eyes, but fond and restless dreams: sometimes he thought he had his lovely Gillerets in his Arms, dallying like the Paphian Queen upon her Pansies knee; but presently awaking, he found it but a gilded shadow, which added new grief to his Love-sick passions: then by and by he thought he saw how the wrathful Champion with his dreadful and bloody Fashion came to revenge his Lady's Ravishment, whereat the troubled Earl started from his Bed, and with a loud voice cried to his Chamberlain for help, saying, That St. George was come to murder him: Which sudden outcry not only awaked the Chamberlain, but the whole house, which generally came to bear him company: They set up Campfire Tapers to give Light, and made him Musick to comfort him, and to drive all fond fantasies from his mind: But no sooner ceased the Musick, but he fell into his former Cogitations, pondering in his mind which way he might obtain his purpose: Whereat a dismal Night-Raven beat his wings against his Chamber windows, and with a harsh voice gave him warning of a sad success. Then presently began the Tapers to burn bright, as though a Troop of ghostly Spirits did encompass his Lodging, which was an evident sign that some strange and unhappy Disaster should shortly follow. All which could not withhold the lustful Earl from his wicked Enterprize, nor convert his mind from the spoil of so fair a Lady. In this manner spent he the night away, till the Sun's bright countenance summoned him from his restless Bed: From whence being no sooner risen, but he sent for the Steward of his House, and gave him a charge to provide a most sumptuous and costly Banquet, for he intended to invite therunto all the principal Ladies in Coventry: What dainties there was provided, I think it needless to repeat; but to be short, at the time and hour appointed, the invited Ladies repaired: the Banquet was brought in by the Earl's Servants, and placed

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placed upon the Table by the Earl himself: Altho after many other comes given, began thus to move the Ladies to delight.

I think my House most highly honoured, (said he) that you have vouchsafed to grace it with your presence, for methinks you beautifie my Hall, as the twinkling Stars beautifie the Vault of Heaven: But amongst the number of you all, you have a Cytherea, a glistering silver Moon, that for brightness exceeded all the rest: for she is fairer than the Queen of Cyprus, lovelier than Dido, when Cupid sat upon her knee, wiser than the Prophetess of Troy, of Personage more comely than the Grecian Dame, and of more Majesty than the Queen of Love: So that all the Poets with their Poorn pens may write continually, and yet not sufficiently describe her excellent Ornaments of Nature.

This Commendation caused a general smile of the Ladies, and made them look one upon another whom it should be. Many other Courtlike discourses pronounced the Earl to move the Ladies delight, till the Banquet was ended, which being finished, there came in certain Gentlemen by the Earl's appointment, with most excellent music: other some that danced most curiously, with as much Majesty as Paris in the Grecian Court. At last the Earl requested one of them to chuse out his beloved Mistress, and lead her some stately Coranto: Likewise requesting that none should be offended what Lady soever he did asse to grace with that Courtly pastime. At which request all them were silent, and silence is commonly a sign of consent: therefore he emboldened himself the more to make his desires known to the beholders. Then with exceeding courtesy, and great humility, he kissed the beauteous hand of Sabra, who with a blushing countenance and bashful look, accented his courtship, and like a kind Lady disdained not to dance with him. So when the Musicians strained forth their inspiring Melody, the Luscious Earl led her a first Course about the Hall, in as great Delight as Mayors did the Queen of Paphos to gain her Love, and the following with as much Grace, as if the Queen of Pleasure had been present to behold their Courtly Delights: and so when the first Course was ended, he found fit opportunity to unfold his secret Love, and reveal unto the Lady his extreme Passion of mind which were in these speeches expressed.

Most Divine and Peerless Paragon, (said he) thou only Wonder of the World for Beauty and excellent Ornaments of Nature, know that thy two twinkling Eyes that shine more brightly than the Lights of Heaven, being the true Darts of Love, have pierced my heart, and those thy crimson Cheeks, as lovely as Sunbeams



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Countenance, when she draws the Curtains of her purple Bed to entertain her wandering Lover, those Cheeks I say have wounded me with Love: therefore except thou grant me kind comfort, I am like to spend the remnant of my Life in Sorrow, Grief, and Discontent: I blush to speak what I desire, because I have settled my Love where it is unlawful, in a bosome where Kings may sleep and surfeit with delight, thy Breast I mean, most Divine Mistress, for there my Heart is kept Prisoner, Beauty is the Keeper, and Love the Key, my Ransome is a constant Mind: Thou art my Venus, I will be thy Mars; thou art my Helen, I will be thy Patroclus; thou art my Cressida, I will be thy Troilus, thou art my Love, and I will be thy Paramour. Admit thy Lord and Husband be alive, yet hath he most unkindly left thee to spend thy young years in solitary Widow-hood? He is unconstant like Eneas, and thou more hapless than Dido. He marcheth up and down the World in glistering Armour, and never doth intend to return: He abandoneth thy presence, and lieth sporting in strange Ladies Laps; therefore, dear Sabra, live not to consume thy youth in singleness, for Age will overtake thee too soon, and convert thy Beauty to wrinkled Frowns.

To which words, Sabra would have presently made answer, but that the Musick called them to dance the second Course, which being ended, she replied in this manner.

Most Noble Lord (said she) for our bounteous Banquet, courteous Entertainment, I give the humble thanks of a poor Lady; but for your Suit and unlawful desire, I do detest as much as the sight of a Crocodile, and your flattering Glosses I esteem as much as doth the Ocean of a drizzling shower of Rain: your Syrens Songs shall never entice me to listen to your fond Requests: but I will, like Ulysses, stop my ears, and bury all your flattering inticements in the Lake of Forgetfulness. Think you that I will stain my Marriage-Bed with the least spot of Infamy, that will not proffer me one thought of wrong, for all the Treasures of the wealthy Seas? Surely the gorgeous Sun shall lose his light by Day, and the silver Moon by Night, the Skies shall fall, the Earth shall sink, and every thing shall change from Kind and Nature, before I will falsifie my Faith, or prove Disloyal to my beloved George; I tempt no more, my Noble Lord, to batter the Fortrels of my good Name with the Gun-shot of your Flattery, nor seek to stain my Honour with your Lustful desires. What if my Lord and Husband prove Disloyal and choise out other Loves in Foreign Land;



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yet will I prove as constant to him, as *Penelope* to her *Ulysses*; and if it be his pleasure never to return, but spend his days among strange Ladies, yet will I live in single Solitariness like to the *Turtle Dove* when she hath lost her Mate, abandoning all company, or as the mournful *Swan* that swims upon *Orander's* Silver Streams, where she records her dying tunes to raging Billows; so will I spend away my lingering days in grief, and die.

This Resolution of the betwixt Lady so haunted the Earl, that he stood like a senseless Image gazing at the Sun, not knowing how to reply: but yet when they had danced the third Course, he began anew to assault her unpurposed Chastity, in these terms.

Why, my dear Mistress, have you a heart more hard than flint, that the tears of my true Love can never mollifie? Can you behold him plead for grace, that hath been seduced unto by many worthy Dames? I am a Man that can Command Countries, yet can I not command thy stubborn heart. Divine *Subia*, if thou wilt grant me thy Love, and yield to my desire, I will have thee clad in Silken Robes, and Damask Vesture, imboss with Indian Pearls, and rich Refined Gold, perfumed with Camphire, Biss, and Syrian sweet Perfumes: by day a hundred Virgins like to *Tertie*, rapping on the silver Sands, shall usually attend thy Person: by night a hundred Banquets with their framed Instruments shall bring thy Senses into a golden slumber: If this procureth not thy sweet consent, I will prepare a sumptuous Chariot made with Gold, wherein thou shalt be drawn by sable spotted Steeds along the Fields and gallant Pastures adjoining to our City Walls, whereas the Evening Air shall breathe a coolness, far more sweet than Balm upon thy Cheeks, and make thy Beauty glister like the purple Pillar of *Hyperion*, when he leaves Aurora blushing in her Bed, whereby the Heavens and all the Powers therein shall stand and wonder at thy Beauty, and quite forget their usual Courses: All this, my dear Divine and dainty Mistress, is at thy command, and more, so that I may enjoy thy Love and Savour: which if I have not, I will discontentedly end my Life in Woods and Desert places, Tygers and untamed Beasts being my chief Companions.

These vain Promises caused the beautiful *Sabra* to blush with bashfulness, and to give him this sharp answer: Think you, my Lord, with Golden Promises to obtain the precious Gem, the which I will not lose for *Europe's* Treasury? Henceforth be silent in that Enterprize, and never after this, attempt to practise my dishonour,

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honour, which if you do, I vow by Heaven to make it known to every one within the City, and to fill all places with the rumour of thy wilful Lust: A troop of modest Maids I will procure to haunt thee up and down the streets, to wonder at thee like an Owl, that never comes abroad but in the darkest night, this I am resolved to do, and so farewell.

Thus departed Sabra with a sad Countenance, whereby the rest of the Ladies suspected the Earl had attempted her without by secret conference, but they all assuredly knew that she was as far from yielding to his desire, as is the aged man to be young again, or the Azure Firmament to be a place for Silbane Swains to inhabit. In such like Imaginations they spent away the day, till the dark night caused them to break off Company. The Earl smothered his Grief under a smiling Countenance, till the Ladies were every one departed, whom he courteously caused his Servants to conduct home with Torch-light, because it began to be very dark. After their departure he accursed his own Fortune, and like a Lion roaring and raged up and down his Chamber, and filling every corner with bitter exclamations, rending his Garments from his back, tearing his hair, beating his breast, and using all the violence he could against himself.

In this manner spent he away the night, suffering no sleep to close the windows of his body: His melancholy and extreme passion so discontented his mind, that he purposed to give end to his sorrows by some untimely death: So when the morning appeared, he made his repair to an Orchard, where Sabra commonly once a day walked to take the Air. The place was very melancholy, and far from the noise of People: where after he had spent some certain time in exclaiming against the unkindness of Sabra, he pulled his Pointard from his back, and prepared his Breast to entertain the stroke of death: but before the pretended Tragedy, with his Dagger he engraved these Verses following upon the bark of a Walnut-tree.

Oh heart more hard then bloody Tygers fell!

O Ears more deaf than fennel-cracked bells!

O cruel foe! thy rigour doth exceed!

For thee I die, thy anger to appease

But time will come, when thou shalt rue me dead,

Then thy Repentance will encrease thy pain;

There

## The Honourable History of the

Here engrave my Will and Testament,  
That my sad grief thou may'st behold and see,  
How that my woful heart is torn and rent,  
And got'st with bloody blade for love of thee;  
Whom thou disdain'st, as now the end doth try,  
That thus distress'd doth suffer me to die:

Oh Gods of Love, if so there any be,  
And you of Love that feel the deadly pain,  
Oh Sabra, thou that thus afflict'st me,  
Hear these my words which from my heart I strain:  
Ere that my Corps be quite bereav'd of breath,  
Here I'll declare the cause of this my death:

You Mountain Nymphs which in the Deserts Raige,  
Leave off your chase from Savage Beasts a while,  
Prepare to see a heart oppress'd with pain,  
Address your ears to hear my doleful tale;  
No strength nor Art can work me any weal,  
Sith she's unkind and Tyrant-like doth deal.

You Fairy Nymphs of Lovers much ador'd,  
And gracious Damfels which in evenings fair  
Your Closets leave, with heavenly beauty stor'd,  
And on your shoulders spread your golden hair;  
Record with me that Sabra is unkind,  
Within whose Breast remains a double mind.

Ye Savage Bears in Caves and Dens that lie,  
Remain in Peace, if you may sorrows hear;  
And be not moved at my misery,  
Tho' too extream my passions do appear:  
England, farewell, and Cobentry, adieu,  
But, Sabra, Heaven above still prosper you.

These verses being no longer finished, and engraven about the  
bark of a Walnut-tree, but with a grise look and woful coun-  
tenance he lift up his hand, intending to strike the pointard up to  
the Hill in his Breast; but at the same instant he beheld Sabra en-  
tering the Orchard to take her wonted walks of pleasure, whose  
light



## Seven Champions of Christendom.

fight hinderd his purpose, and caused other bloody cogitations to enter into his mind. The Purities did incense him to a wicked Deed; the which my trembling tongue faints to report: For after she had walked to the farthest side of the melancholy Orchard, he rigorously ran unto her with his Dagger drawn, and catching her about the slender waist, thus frightfully threatened her.

Now, stubborn Dame (quoth he) will I obtain my long desired purpose, and Revenge by Violence thy former proud Denials: first I will wrap this Dagger in thy Locks of Hair, and nail it fast into the ground; then will I Ravish thee by Force and Violence, and triumph in the Conquest of thy Chastity; which being done, I will cut thy tongue out of thy mouth, because thou shalt not reveal nor descry thy bloody Ravisher: Likewise with this Pointard will I chop off both thy hands, whereby thou shalt never write with Pen thy stain of Honour, nor in Sampler sow this proffered Disgrace. Therefore, except thou wilt yield to quench my desired Love with the pleasures of thy Marriage Bed, I will by force and violence inflict those vowed punishments upon thy delicate Body: be not too resolute in denials, for if thou beest, the gorgeous Sen shall not glide the compass of an hour before I obtain my long desired purpose: And thereupon he stepped to the Orchard-door, and with all expedition locked it, and put the Key in his Pocket. Then returned he like an hunger-starved Wolf, to seize upon the silly Lamb: As like the chased Deer when he is wounded with the Hunter's Lance, came running to the helpless Lady, intending her present Rape, and foul Dishonour: But she thinking all hope of aid and succour to be void, fell into a dead swoon, being not able to move, for the space of a quarter of an hour: But yet at last, having recovered her dead senses to their former vital moving, she began in this pitiful manner to defend her assailed Chastity from the wicked Earl that stood over her with his bloody Dagger, threatening most cruelly her final Condemnation.

O My Lord of Coventry (said she, with melting Tears and kneeling upon the Ground) is Vertue banished from your breast? have you a mind more tyrannous than the Tygers in the Woods, that nothing may suffice to satiate your Lush desires but the stain of mine Honour, and the Conquest of my Chastity? If it be my Beauty that hath incited you, I am content to have it converted to a loathsome Leprosie whereby to make me odious in your Eyes: If it be my rich and costly Garments that make me Beautiful, and so intangle you, henceforth I will attire my Body in poor and simple:



# The Honourable History of the

simple array, and for evermore dwell in Countrey Caves and Out-  
rages; so that I may preserve my Chastity unspotted. If none of  
these may suffice to abase your Tyrannous Intent, but that your  
Lust will make me Time's wonder, and pointing stock, and scorn of  
ravenous Ladies, then will the Heavens revenge my wrongs, to  
whom I will necessarily make my petitions: The Birds in the Air  
after their kind, will evermore exclaim against your wickedness:  
the Silvan Beasts that abide in Woods and Deserts, will breathe  
forth clamours of your wickedness: the creeping worms that live  
within the crevices of the Earth, will give dumb sign and tokens  
of your wickedness: The running Rivers will murmur at your  
wickedness: The Woods and Trees, Herbs and Flowers, with eve-  
ry senseless thing, will sound some motions of your wickedness.  
Return, return, my Noble Lord, unto your former Vertues: ban-  
nish such fond desires out of your mind; stain not the Honour  
of your House with such black Scandals and Disgrace; bear this  
in mind before you do attempt so vile a sin: What became of  
Hellen's Ravishment, but the Destruction of Renowned Troy?  
What of Roman Lucretia's Rape, but the Banishment of Tarquin?  
And what of Bragins's soul Despoilment by her Sister's Husband,  
the Lufhal King of Ethiopia, but the bloody Banquet of his young  
Son Wila, whose tender body they served to his Table baked in  
a Pye? At which speeches the Gentleman wrapped his hands with  
in her Locks of Hair, which was covered with a costly Caul of  
Gold, and in this manner presently replied unto her.

What shall thou me of Poes Tales (can be) of Bragins's Rape,  
and Lucretia's bloody Banquet? thy Ravishment shall be an In-  
duction to thy Tragedy, which, if thou yield not willingly, I  
will obtain by Force and Violence: therefore prepare thy self  
either to entertain the Sentence pronounced, or yield thy Body  
to my pleasure. This surprising and new Resolution of the  
Earl, added grief upon grief, and heaped Mountains of Sorrow  
upon her Soul: Thence did the gentle Lady cast her eyes to  
Heaven, in hopes the Gods would pity her Distress, and thrust  
into the Earth, which the Ground might open and devour her,  
and so deliver her from the fury of the wicked Homicide: but at  
last when she saw that neither Tears, Prayers, nor wishes could  
prevail, she gave an outward sign of consenting upon some Condi-  
tions, under colour to devise a present means to preserve her  
Chastity, and deliver her self from this Awful Truailment.  
There



## The Honourable History of the

You gentle Bees, the Muses lovely Birds,  
Come aid my doleful tunes with silver sound,  
Till your inspiring melody records  
Such Heavenly Musick that may quite confound  
Both Wit and Sense, and tire his eyes with sleep,  
That on my Lap in sweet content I keep.

You silver streams, which murmuring Musick make,  
And fill each dale with pleasant harmony,  
Whereat the floating Fish much pleasure take,  
To hear your sweet recording melody,  
Assist my tunes, his slumbering eyes to close,  
That on my Lap now takes a sweet repose.

Let whispering Winds in every senseless Tree,  
A solemn, sad, and doleful Musick sing,  
From Hills and Dales, and from each Mountain height,  
Let some inspiring sound on Becks and Rills,  
That he may never wake from sleep again,  
Which sought my Marriage Bed with Love to gain.

A certain Knight being tormented by his enemies to such a cruel degree,  
That he was almost upon his knees, and on the ground, when  
he heard a voice that said, 'Rise up, O man, and follow me, for I will  
show thee a way that shall bring thee to thy friends, and to thy home.'  
The Knight, who was very weary, and had a little sleep, and was very  
tired, he followed the voice, and he found a way that led him to his  
friends, and to his home.

Grant, you Immortal Powers of Heaven (said she) that of these  
two Extreame I choose the best; either must I yield my Body to be  
dishonoured by his unchaste desires, or stain my hands with the  
trickling streams of his heere blood. If I yield unto the first, I shall  
be then accounted for a Vicious Dame; but if I commit the last,  
I shall be guilty of a wilfull Murder, and for the same the Law  
will adudge me a shameful death. What, shall I fear to die, or  
lose my Vertue and Renown? No, my heart shall be as Tyranous  
as Darius his Daughters, that slew their Fifty Husbands in a  
night; or as Jezebel's Cruelty, which scattered her Brother's  
bloody Joyns upon the Sea Shore, thereby to hinder the swift  
pursuit of her Father, when Salomon got the Golden Plectre from  
Canaan. Therefore stand still you gliding Lamps of Heaven,  
Say wadding Time, and let him sleep eternally.

Where



## Seven Champions of Christendom.

Where art thou, sad Desdemona, that speakest of nothing but of Murders and Tragedies: where be those Dames that evermore delight in Blood? Come, come, smite me with your Cruelties, let me exceed the hate of Dione for her Ravishment: rage heart, and take delight in Blood, banish all thoughts of pity from thy breast, be thou as merciless as King Darius's Queen, that in Revenge of five and twenty Murdered Sons, that with her own hands stained the Pavements of Agamemnon's Court with purple Gore.

These words were uttered indeed, but with a mournful and pale Countenance, she thrust up the Dorian up to the heart in the close firm of his Breast, where he started, and would have got upon his feet, but the stream of blood so violently gushed from his Mouth, that he declined immediately to the Earth, and his Mouth was forced to give the World a doleful Dorian. When she beheld the Bed of Aletia stained with blood, and every flower converted to a crimson colour, she gazed anxiously, but when she saw her Garments all to be sprinkled with her enemies blood, and he lay wallowing at her feet in purple gore, she ran swiftly unto flowing fountain, that flows in the farther side of the Orchard, and began to wash the blood out of her clothes, but the more she washed, the more it increased: a sign that Heaven will never suffer blood to be washed away, for what cause, I know not.

This strange spectacle, or rather wonderful Accident, is related the following story, that the reason given to complain to God that this wicked Murderer had been long since banished, and that his hand had been struck lame by some unlucky Planet, when first he did attempt the deed of blood, was in fire, to shut him out from the company of Men, which will be evermore his manner, a detested Murderer. If I should go into some foreign Country, there Heaven will call me, vengeance for my guilt: if I should hide my self in woods and solitary wildernesses, he would the blazes discover me, and blow the smoke of mine to every corner of the World: if I should hide me in Caves, or dark dens, where the very Foxes howl at the Earth, yet will his light pursue me there, and hunt me out, and shut me out of place: a Murderer can find no rest, nor be disguised, though he will still cry out, my hands are clean, yet he has stained them with this cruellest of all murders, to shed the blood of his own blood, to stain his garment from her back, and cast it into the water, to turn the water into the colour of blood, so heinous is Murder in the sight of Heaven.



# The Honorable History Of the 2

When being Disrobed into her Petticoat, she turned to the Lady-  
faced Gair, whose face she found covered with Tears, which were  
more grief unto her Soul, for she greatly feared her Country was  
deserted; but it fell not out as she mistrusted, for it is the nature  
and kind of Robin Red-breast and other Birds, always to cover the  
face of any dead man, and those were they that, used this fear in  
the Ladies heart. By this time the day began to shut up his  
bright windows, and sable night entered on take possession of the  
Earth, yet durst not the wondrous Sable make her repair home-  
wards, lest she should be deserv'd without her upper Garment.

During that time, there was a sister of French name and The Earl his daughter, at evening had received some message and began him, considering that she heard that the night before she would fully complain in his Chamber. At last when she might have come to the Duchesse Gate, which was plentiful and open, wherein no longer entering, but they found that entrance to be as being from Bed or Chamber, covered with boards, the hole travelling to and out the passage, as did they express, and the bare forehead, her hands and face, be plentiful with blood, and her countenance as pale as paper, by which signs she suspected her to be the worst betrayer of their loss and grief, when there rose because he perceived that a Noble Knight, who brought her the message, through the night, which sign she had seen in the City of Canaan, who immediately upon the countenance of the Murderer, gave this severe judgment against her.

[illegible]



# The Honourable History of the

Which had Channels of Silver, which was upon an Alabaster e-  
lephant; then came three of the greatest Lords in Egypt, and he  
a Crown of Gold upon his Head: then followed the Knights with  
a Scepter and a naked Sword, to signify that he was Chief Go-  
vernour of the Realm, and Lord of all that appertained to the  
Crown of Egypt. This being performed in most sumptuous and  
rich manner, the Trumpets with other Instruments began to  
sound, wherein the general Company with joyful voices cried all  
together, Long live St. George, true Champion for England, and  
King of Egypt. Then was he conducted to the Royal Palace,  
where for ten days he remained among his Lords and Knights,  
spending the time in great joy and pleasures: the which being fi-  
nished, his Lord's officers constrained him to a sudden departure,  
therefore he left the Blessing of his Land to twelve Egyptian  
Lords, binding them all by Oath to deliver it at his return: also  
made charge of them to bury the Body of Polixena in a sumptuous  
Tomb, leaving the Body of his Royal Potentate: also appoint-  
ed the six Champions to raise their Lances, and muster up and  
train soldiers, and with all these march into Persia, and then  
by dint of Bloody War, Revenge his former Injuries upon the  
cruel Babylon.

While Charge being given, the next morning by break of day he  
marched out his Army, followed on his right hand Sted, and  
his left hand his Friends in Egypt, for a season, after which he in company  
of his Knights that brought him that unhappy News, he took his  
Journey with all speed towards England: in which Travel we will  
leave him for a time: Also passing over the River of Babylon made  
by the Chaldean Champions in his Journey, the Nation of Persia  
and return to his Royal Sabe being in Persia, awaiting such an  
one to record the final stroke of his great Power: for now had the  
revolving Planets brought their great Journey to an end; and  
we had no Intelligence of any Champion that would defend the  
Country: therefore she prepared her delicate Body to receive her last  
Breath of Life. The time being come, she laid herself to the  
place of Execution, whither she went as willingly as she would,  
which for as long as she went, she was the more her Overlancer  
had made himself submission to the cruel and unrelenting com-  
mander, her word to God. She being at the Place, where  
there was present many thousands, as well of noble Men  
as of common People, to behold this fatal Execution,  
she was falling on her Knees, when two of black and  
white men, whose white robes bore her name, and  
went into the Place, then placed they round about her tomb.



## Seven Champions of Christendom.

both Ditch, Turgrine, and Sampson, with other men  
were thence, thereby to make her death the more easie, and be-  
gin the shorter; which being done, the King caused the Herald to  
summon in the Challenger, who at the sound of the Trumpet came  
running in upon a Roan coloured Horse, without any kind of mail,  
and Trapped with Rich Trappings of Gold, and precious stones of  
great price; there came out at the Horse's mouth, two fumes like  
unto an Elephant, his Nostrils were very large and big, his head  
little, his breast somewhat broad, well set, and so hard that not  
a sword, were it never so, sharp, was able to enter in thereat.  
The Champion was called the Baron of Chester, a bold and  
hardy knight, they thought lived not then upon the face of the  
whole Earth, he so advanced himself up and down, as though he  
was able to encounter with an hundred knights. When the King  
caused the Herald to summon in the Defendant, at these were  
my to defend her cause; both drums and Trumpets sounded  
several times up and down the field, without any assistance  
in quarter of an hour, but yet no Defendant did appear, there-  
fore the King commanded the Executioner to set the stake on fire.  
At which sight she began to grow pale as ashen, and her  
limbs trembled like to Aspen Leaves, her Tongue that before  
was so strong, began to tremble like a reed, and in  
such manner uttered the passion of her heart: O Heavens, Heavens,  
and all your bright God-like angels, be witness, Sun and Moon,  
and all the order of my Fate, be witness, those clear  
elements, and all the world be witness of my sinfulness, the  
blood of Christ for the redemption of my sinners, and my vowed  
Chastity: O great God of Heaven, O the Father of my unfeigned  
faith, my true thy Majesty, or my true Innocency prevail  
with thy immortal Power, command that either my Lord may  
come to be my Champion, or be the beholder of my Death. But if  
ne party were armed with the blood about some wicked Enter-  
prize, then Heaven shall please Vengeance upon me, else he  
that Noble Champion save my body alive. At which instant  
heard the sound of a drum, the knight, George Plantagenet  
appeared, (the last then he was near) which caused the Champion  
to be terrified, at last they beheld him at a distance, being  
clothed in the full armor, a lance carried before him, George  
the first of his name, and the banner a most beautiful arm  
and mounted upon a coal black horse, with a white lance  
bearing in the point a white flower, upon which was a  
white Rose, the Champion thus being armed the King  
then the King commanded the Drums and Trumpets to  
sound.





## Seven Champions of Christendom.

Bells rung without ceasing, that whole day together, the Citizens through every place St. George should pass, did hang forth at their windows, and on their walls; Cloth of Gold and Silk, with Rich Carpets, Cushion-coverings of green Velvet lay abroad in every window: The Clergy in Copes of Gold and Silk, met them with solemn Procession: The Ladies and beautiful Damazels dressed every street whereas he passed, with Roses and most pleasant Flowers, and crowned him with a Wreath of green Bays, in sign of his Triumphant Victory and Conquest.

[illegible]

# The Honourable History of the

## CHAP. XVI.

How St. George in his Journey towards Persia arrived in a Country inhabited only by Maids, where he achieved many strange and wonderful Adventures: Also of the Ravishment of seven Virgins in a Wood, and how Sabas preserved her honour from a terrible Gyant.

**A**fter St. George with his beautiful Lady departed from England, and had travelled through many Countreys, taking their direct Courses towards Egypt, and the Confiners of Persia, where the other six Champions remained with the Marlike Legion, at last they arrived in the Countrey of the Amazonians, a Land inhabited by none but Women: In which Region St. George achieved many brave and Princely Adventures, which are now wonderful to rehearse, as after is declared: for Travelling up and down the Countrey they found every Town and City full of People, yet very sumptuously built, the Earth likewise fruitful, the Pastures uncherished, and every Field overgrown with Mares, whereby he deemed that some strange Accident had befallen the Countrey, either by War, or Hostility of some grievous Plague, for they could neither see Eye of Man, Woman, nor Child, where they were forced to feed upon Hots, and instead of brave Pastures, they were constrained to lie on broad Pastures, upon the banks of Hots, and instead of Curtains of Silk, they had black and dark Clouds to cover them.

In this extremity they travelled up and down for thirty dayes, but at last it was their happy Fortune to arrive before a Rich Hillion, situated and standing in the open Fields, which seemed to be the most glorious sight that ever they beheld, for it was bound of the richest woods in the world, all of green and crimson colour, bordered with Gold, and Silver, the Woods that were of Ivory, the Cordes of green Silk, and on the top thereof stood an Eagle of Gold, and at the two Corners, two great Silver Gallions shining against the Sun, which seemed in richness to exceed the Monument of Mausolus, being one of the wonders of the world. They had not there remained long, admiring the Beauty of the Workmanship, but at the Entry of the Hillion there appeared a Maiden Queen Crowned with an Imperial Crown, who was the fairest Creature that ever he saw. On her



## Seven Champions of Christendom.

truded Amazonian Dames, bearing in their hands Silver Bolts of the Turkish Fashion, and at their backs hung Quivers full of Golden Arrows, upon their Heads they wore Silver Coronets, beset with Pearls and precious Stones, their Attire Comely and Gallant, their Faces fair and gentle to behold, their Foreheads plain and white, the Trammels of their Hair like burnished Gold, their Brows small and proper, somewhat ozawing to a brow, colour like Roses mixed with Lillies, their Noles long and freight, their Ruddy Cheeks somewhat smiling, their Eyes Lovely, and all the rest of their Parts and Attirements, by Nature framed most Excellent, who had made them in Beauty without compare: The Queen herself was clothed in a Gown of Green, that girt unto her Body with a Lace of Gold, so that somewhat her round and Lilly-white Breast might be seen, which became her wonderfull well; below all this, she had on a crimson Kirtle, lined with Violet coloured Velvet, and her wide Sleeves were, likewise, of green Silk, embroidered with flowers of Gold, and with rich Pearls. When Sir George had sufficiently beheld the Beauty of this Fairer Queen, he was almost entrapped in her Love, but that the great Attention he bare to his own Lady prevented him, whom he would not wrong for all the Treasures betwixt the highest Heaven and the lowest Earth. At last, he alighted from his Horse, and humbled himself unto her Excellency, and thus courteously began to question with her after this manner:

Most Divine and Fair of all Fairs, Queen of sweet Beauty (saith he) let a Travelling Knight obtain this favour at your hands, that both himself and his Lady whom you behold here wearied with Travel, may take our rest within your Pavilion for a night: For we have wandered up and down this Country many a day, neither seeing Man to give us Lodging, nor finding food to cherish us, which made us wonder that so brave Country, and so beautified with Nature's Ornaments as this is, should be left desolate of People, the cause whereof is strange I know, and full of wonder.

This Question being Courteously demanded by Sir George, caused the Amazonian Queen as kindly to reply: Sir Knight (quoth she) (for so you seem both by your Behaviour and gallant Stature) what Favour my Pavilion may afford, be assured off; but the remembrance of my Country's Desolation which you speak of, breeds a Sea of Sorrow in my Soul, and maketh me sigh when I remember



## The Honourable History of the

remember it; but because you are a Knight of a strange Land, I will report it, though unto my grief: About some twelve years since, it was a Necromancer's chance to arrive within this Countrey, his name is Diamond; the cunningest Artist this day living upon the Earth, for he can at his call raise all the Spirits out of Hell, and with his Charms make Heaven to Rain continually showers of blood: my beauty at that instant tempted him to Love, and drowned his Senses so in desire, that he assailed by all persuasions that either Wit or Art could devise, to win me to his Will; but I having vowed my self to Diana's Chastity, to live in singleness among these Amazonian Maids, contemned his Love, despised his Person, and accounted his persuasions as ominous Snakes; for which he wrought the destruction of this my Realm and Kingdom; for by his Magick Art and damned Charms, he raised from the Earth a mighty Tower, the Mortar whereof he mingled with Virgins Blood, wherein are such Enchantments wrought, that the light of the Sun, and the brightness of the Skies is quenched, and the Earth blaced with a terrible Vapour, and black Mist, that ascendeth from the Tower, whereby a general darkness overspread our Land, the compass of four and twenty Leagues, so this Countrey is clean wasted and destroyed, and my People fled out thereof. This Tower is haunted day and night with ghastly Fiends, and at his departure into Africa, where he now by Enchantment aids the Souldan in his Wars against the Christians, he left the guarding of the same to a mighty and terrible Gyant, for shape the ugliest Monster that ever Eye beheld, or ever Ear heard tell of, for he is thirty foot in length: his head three times larger than the head of an Ox: his eyes bigger than two Powter Dishes, and his teeth standing out of his mouth more than a Foot, wherewith he will break both Iron and Steel: his Arms big and long without any measure, and his Body as black as any Coal, and as hard as Brass; also of such a strength, that he is able to carry away at once three Knights Armed: And he never eateth any other meat, but raw flesh of Mankind: he is so light, and swift, that a Horse cannot run from him, and oftentimes he hath hath assailed with great Troops of Armed Men, but all of them could never do him any harm, neither with Sword, Spear, Cross-bow, nor any other Weapon.

Thus have you heard, most Noble and Courteous Knight, the true Discourse of my utter Ruine, and the Vengeance shewed upon my Countrey by this vycked Necromancer; for which I have

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have remained ever since in this Pavilion amongst my Maidens  
where we pray both day and night, that some happy Fortune  
or terrible Vengeance may fall upon this wicked Conjuror.

Now as I am a true English Knight, (replied St. George) no  
sooner shall the Morning Sun appear, but I will take my jour-  
ney to that enchanted Tower, in which I'll enter in despite of  
the Giant, and break the Enchantment, or make my Grave with  
in the Monsters Bowels; which if I happily perform, then will I  
travel into Persia, and fetter up the most wicked Necromancer,  
and like a Blood-hound lead him up and down the World in  
Chains.

Most dangerous is the Adventure (quoth the Amazonian Queen)  
from whence as yet did never Knight return; but if you be so  
Resolute and Noble minded, as to attempt the Enterprize, then  
happy be your Fortune, and know, brave Knight, that this Tower  
lyeth Westward from hence some thirteenth miles, and thereupon  
he took him by the hand, and taught Sabra likewise to alight from  
her Balar, and led them both into her Pavilion, where they were  
feasted most Royally, and for that night slept securely. But  
when the day-bright Windows opened, and the Morning Sun  
began to gladden all hearts, St. George, this valiant champion  
arose from his sweet content, and armed himself; where-  
after he had taken his Leave of the Queen, and gave her thanks for  
his courteous Entertainment, he also took his leave of Sabra, whom  
he left in company of the Amazon Maidens till his return with  
Conquest, and rode forth till it was noon, and then he entered  
into a deep Valley, and ever as he rode lower and lower. It was then  
a fair Day, and the Sun shined clear; but by that time he had ridden  
ten Miles and a half he had lost both the Light and the Sun, and he  
to the sight of Heaven, for it was there as dark as night, and more  
dismal than the deepest Dungeon.

At last he found a mighty River with streams as black as pitch,  
and the Banks were so high, that the Water could scarce be seen  
running underneath, and it was so full of Serpents, that none  
could enter among them that ever returned back with Life: about  
his head flew monstrous Birds, and vipers Gallions, who were  
able to beat down an Armed Knight Horse and all, and were in all  
great Multitudes as though they had been Starlings: also there  
were Flies as big as Rats, and as black as pitch, which stung him  
and his Horse so grievously, that there issued down such floods of  
blood that it changed his Horse from a Dapple to a Crimson colour,  
thence he was called St. George with that Colour.

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adventures, that had he not defended himself with his Shield, which covered his whole Body, he had been pierced to the heart.

In this dangerous manner rode he on, till he came to the Gates of the Enchanted Tower, whereas the Giant late in his Iron Coat, upon a Block with a Piece of Steel in his hand, who at the first sight of St. George, beat his Teeth so mightily together, that they rang like the stroke of an Anvil, and he ran raging like a Fiend of Hell, thinking to have taken the Champion's Head and all in his long Teeth that were as sharp as Steel, and to have both them presently into the Tower: but when St. George perceived his Mouth open, he took his Sword and thrust it therein so far, that it made the Giant to roar aloud, that the Elements seemed to thunder, and the Earth to Tremble, his Mouth smok'd like a Fiery Furnace, and his Eyes roled in his Head like brands of flaming Fire: the wound was so great, and the blood issued so fast from the Giant's Mouth, that his Courage began to wail, and against his Will he was forced to yield to the Champion's Mercy, and to beg for Life: to which St. George agreed, but upon condition that the Giant would discover all the secrets of the Tower, and ever after be his true Servant, and attend on him with all diligence: to which the Giant swore by his own Soul, never to leave him in extremity, and to answer him truly to all Questions whatsoever. When St. George demanded the cause of the Darknets, and how it might be relieved, to which the Giant answered in this manner.

There was in the Country about some Twelvemonths since, a cunning Necromancer, that by his Enchantment built this Tower, in which you now behold, and therein caused a terrible Fire to spring from the Earth, that can such a smoke over the whole Land, whereby the People that were wont to dwell therein are dead, and famished for Hunger: Also this Enchanter by his Art made the River that you have passed, that which did never Run before this time, without Death: Also within the Tower, near unto the Fire, there stands a fair and pleasant Fountain, to which if any Knight be able to attain and cast the Water thereof into the Fire, then shall the Darknets ever after cease, and the Enchantment end, for which cause I have been bound to guard and keep the Tower from the Atchievement of any Knight upon his Escutcheon.

When when the Giant had ended his Discourse, St. George commanded him to remain at the Gate, for he would adventure to end the Enchantment, and deliver the Country from so grievous a Plague. Then went he up by the Stairs of the Tower, the

which



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which were fifteen yards in length and breadth, till he came to a little Micket, through which he must needs enter: yet was it set as thick with Pikes of Steel as the prickles of an Urchin's skin, to the intent that no Knight should approach here into the Bay, nor once attempt to enter into the Water; yet with great danger he passed the Micket, without take any advantage of smother, that the darkness of the Countrey troubled; so that neither Torch nor Candle should burn in that place; yet nevertheless St. George entered, and went downward upon stairs, where he could see nothing, but yet felt some very great blows upon his Burgonet, that he was constrained to stand upon his knees; and with his Shield to defend himself, or else he had been hurt to death. At last he came to the bottom, and there he found a fair great Vault, where he felt so terrible a heat that he sweat exceedingly; and as he felt about him, he perceived that he approached near the Fire; and going a little further, he espied the Fountain, whereat he greatly rejoiced; and so he took his Shield, and cast therein as much Water as he could; and cast it into the Fire: In conclusion, he laboured so long till the fire was clean quenched: then began the Skies to receive their perfect lightness, and the Golden Sun to shine most clearly about him; where he plainly perceived how there stood upon the Solars many great Images of Kings, holding in their hands mighty Spheres of Power, the which had done him much trouble at his coming down, but their effect power was ended, the fire quenched, and the Fountains of Water most plentifully ran.

Thus when St. George, through his Indomitable Fortitude had performed this dangerous Adventure, he grew weary of Travel, what with heat and sweating; and the many blows he received from the broken Images; that he returned again to the Micket, whereat the deformed Gyant still remained: who when he beheld the Champion returned both safe and sound, he fell upon his knees before him, and said, Sir Knight, you are most welcome, and happily returned, for you are the Flower of Christendom, and the braver Champion of the World: Command my Service, Duty, and Obedience; for whilst I live, I do profess by the burning Banks of Achéron, never to follow any other Knight but you, and hereupon I kiss your Golden Spary, which is the Noble Badge of Knighthood.

The humble submission of the Gyant caused the Champion to rejoice, for his Obedience; but that he had gotten so mighty a Dwarf: then unlaced he his Helm, and lay down after his weary Traveller, where after he had sufficiently rested himself, he took his Journey in company of the Gyant, to the Amazonian Queen.

Queen.



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Queen, where he left his Lady in company of her Virgins, who like a kind, modest and virtuous Wife, during all the time of her Husband's absence, continually prayed to the immortal Powers of Heaven for his fortunate success and happy return, otherwise reproving her self, if the loving Deities should cross his intent, and unluckily end his days before the Adventure were accomplished, then to spend the remainder of her life among these happy Virgins. But on the sudden, before the Queen and her Virgins were aware, St. George arrived before the Pavilion, busily attended on by the Knight, who bore upon his shoulder the Banner with a tall Oak, by which the Queen knew that his Power was returned her Country from darkness, and delivered her from her Perilous Care, and Trouble: so in company of her Virgins, very joyously retired, he conducted the Champion to a Bower of Roses, intermingled with creeping Vines, the which in his absence, she planted for his Lady's delight. Where found he saw at her side some papers, like to a solitary Widow, clad in mourning habitments: but when she beheld her Lord return in safety, she dismissed Grief, and in haste ran unto him, and in his bosom caressed her self with pleasure.

But to speak how the Amazonian Queen feasted them, and in what manner he and her Virgins debited Pastime for their contents, were too tedious to repeat. When night came on to their pleasure, and long summoned all things to a quiet slumber, the Queen brought them to a very sumptuous Lodging, where she had a Bed framed with Ebony, and over hung with many pendants of Gold, the Bed was lined with down of Purple Doves, the Pillows of Marble Silk, thereon lay a rich Quilt wrought with Cotton, covered with Damask, and lined with threads of Gold. The Queen bestowed upon St. George at his going to Bed, an embroidered Pillow, wrought with many rare devices; as, the Labours of Hercules, the Triumphs of Mars, and the Loves of many Potentates, wrought in such curious manner, as though

as she had been the Contriver. As she was going to Bed, was likewise presented by the Queen's Maids with a night Gown of changeable Violet, somewhat shining with a red colour. Also, they put a white Kerchief of Silk upon her head, somewhat low and narrow, so that under the same, her brown Tresses might be easily seen, and her fair Golden Hair hung about her neck, and then lay down a mantle of green Silk, which made the Bed seem more beautiful than Flowers with Diamonds. When thus the Queen and her Virgins lay, making some sweet sleep, their sleep was broken, all women here had sleep in that

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Cross; the which being done, the Queen with her Ladies departed likewise to their natural rests. But all this while the Bryant never entered the Pavilion, but slept as soundly at the foot of a Pine-tree, as St. George did in his imbracered Bed, for he knew not what pleasures belonged therunto, nor never before that time he had any Mommans Face. At last, the Night withdrew her black Curtains, and gave the Morning leave to appear, whose pleasing light caused St. George to forsake his Bed, and to walk some few miles to over-view the Countrey; in which Journey he took such exceeding pleasure, that he thought it the goodliest Realm that ever he saw, for he perceived well how it was full of Mouldy Wealth.

At last, he climbed up to the top of an high Mountain, being some two miles from the Queens Pavilion, whereon he stood and beheld many stately Towns and Towers, high and mighty Castles, many large Woods and Meadows, and many pleasant Rivers; and about the Towns, fair Mines, goodly Pastures and fields. At last, he beheld the City of Argens shining against the Sun, the place where the Queen in former time was wont to keep her Court, which City was environed with deep Ditches, the Wall strongly builded, and more than five hundred Towers made of Lime and Stone; and he saw many fair Churches cover'd with Lead, having Tops and Spires of Gold, shining most gloriously; with Weather-cocks of Silver, glittering against the Sun. Also he saw the Burgeses Houses and the Palaces close with high and strong Walls, border'd with Chains of Iron from House to House, whereat in his heart he marvel'd much, the Richmonds and Richards of the City, and said to himself, that it must be the noblest Argens, for it seemed to be of Argent, that is of Silver.

During the time of the Champions, the which he had continued from the break of day to the closing of the Evening, he perceived a most Tragical noise, near unto the Queens Pavilion, which was caused by the monstrous Giant whom St. George brought thence, enchanted Tower: for that same Morning when the Sun had mounted, some few degrees unto the Firmament, when all the Queens Mammals in Sabots Company, walked into a pleasant Place of Trees, adjoining to her Pavilion, not only to take the pleasure of the Morning air, but to hear the chirping melody of Birds, in which Tricket of Trees, under a Tree, the Bryant longer he passed quiet: but no longer could he stand, when he saw under the branches of the Trees, two fair Mommans, who were both of them, whom the Bryant perceived, that he must either quench his desire with the goodly

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of their Chastities, at end his days in some monstrous manner, therefore he started up from the place where he lay, and with a wretched Countenance ran amongst the Ladies, and catching them all right at once bestowed his Arms, he bore them to the further side of the Globe, where he Ravished seven of the Quieris Maidens, and afterwards debauched them all into his loathsome Bosoms, Sabra being the eighth of that mortal number, which in her sight she beheld Withered by that bloody Malt: but continuing the time of their Ravishment, she made her application to the Gods, that they would in mercy defend her Chastity from the Lustful Rape of so wicked a Sinner: and immediately upon these words she saw an ugly Toad come crawling before her, through which by Policy, he saved her life, and preserved her Honour: For he took the Toad between her hands, and crushed the Venom from her impoisoned Bosoms, whereby he all befouled her Face, so that presently her fair Beauty was changed into loathsome Blisters, for she seemed more like a Creature deformed with Leprosie, than a Lady of excellent Feature. At length, he being the last of all, her time came that she should be Deboured, and the Lustful Gyant came to reach her; but when he beheld his Quier so impoisoned, he looked on her sight, feeling neither to touch her, nor vowing to Debaur her, but discontentedly standing away, greatly grieved at the committed Crime, and while expiating himself of so wicked a Deed, not only for the Spoil of the Liberty of Quier, but for the wrongs suffered to so noble a Whore; who not only granted him liberty of Life, but received him into his Service: therefore he raged up and down the Globe, making the Earth to tremble at his Exclamations, one while cursing his Fortune and hour of Conception, another while banning his Aire and Debilitate Daim: but when he remembered the Noble Contention of St. George, whose every stroke he would not be the top of all the Glories, then to prevent the shame he ran his Spear with violence against a knotted Oak, and barked himself, where we will have him now weeping in his Blood, and speak to her because of Sabra after this bloody Accident: for after she had wounded up and down the Earth many a heavy Rep, increasing Heaven against the Gyant's Cruelty, the Sun began to set, and the dark Night grew on, who granted her thus to complain amongst and that of me, the prisoner, and to this day

Olympian Powers of Heaven, and you Celestial Planets, being the true Governors of the Firmament, open your bright Celestial Gates, and let some fatal Planet, or some burning Thunder-Bolt, to rid me from the Vale of Misery, for I will nevermore return to my Lord, since I am thus deformed, and made an ugly Creature,



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Creature, my loathsome face will prove a Corrosive to his heart, and my Body a torment to his Soul: my sight will be unpleasant, my Company hated, my Presence loathed, and every one will shun my sight, as from a Crocodile; therefore I will remain within this Grove, till Heaven either bring me to my former Beauty, or end my Languishing Misery; yet witness Heaven, of my Loyalty unto my Lord, and in what extremity I have maintained my Chastity: in remembrance of my true Love, here will I leave this Chain of Gold for my beloved Lord to find, that he may know for his sake I have endured a World of Woe.

At which Speeches she took her Chain which was doubled twenty times about her Neck, and left it lying all besmeared in the Blood of those Virgins whom the Giant had Ravished and slain, and so betook her self to a sad solitary Life, intending never to come in the sight of Men, but to spend her days wandring in the Woods: where we will likewise leave her for a time, and speak of St. George, who by this, was returned to the Queen's Pavilion, where he trusted his Lady, and had intelligence, how that she in company of seven other Ladies, walked in the Morning into a pleasant Grove to hear the Melody of Birds, and since that time no News hath been heard of them: for as then it grew toward night, which caused St. George greatly to mistrust that some Mischance had befallen his Lady. Then he demanded what was become of the Giant, but answer was made, that he was never seen nor heard of since Morning; which caused him greatly to suspect the Giant's Treachery, and how by this means the Ladies were prevented of their purposed pleasures.

Therefore in all haste like a frantick man he ran into the Thicket, filling every corner with Clamours and resounding Echoes of her name, and calling for Sabra, through every Bramble Bush: but there he could neither hear the voice of Sabra, nor the answer of any other Lady, but the loud Echoes of his Exclamations, which rattled through the leaves of the Trees. Then began he to wax somewhat Melancholy and Ballionate, passing the time away till bright Cynthia mounted on the Hemisphere, by whose glistering Beams he saw the ground bespangled with purple gore; and found the Chain that Sabra was wont to wear about her Neck, all besmeared in Blood: he bitterly complained against his own Fortune, and his Ladies hapless Destiny, for he supposed then that the Giant had murdered her.

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O discontented sight (said he) here lies the blood of my beloved Lady, the truest Woman that ever Knight enjoyed: that Body, which for Excellency deserved a Monument of Gold, more rich than the Tomb of Angelica, I fear lies buried in the Bowels of that Monstrous Gyant, whose Life unhappily I granted. Here is the Chain belmeared in blood, which at our first Acquaintance I gave her in a Courtly Mask: this Golden Chain, I say, stained with the blood of my dear Lady, shall for evermore be kept within my Bosome, near unto my bleeding heart, that I may still remember her true Love, Faith, and Constancy. But fond fool that I am, why do I talk in vain? it will not recompence her murdered Soul, the which methinks I hear how it calls for Revenge in every corner of the Grove. It was I that left her carelessly within the danger of the Gyant, whom I little mistrusted, therefore I will meet her in Elysium shades, and crave remission for my committed Trespasse, for on this Oak I will abridge my Life, as did the worthy Knight Demetriopolion for the Love of Siliara.

Which Lamentation being no longer ended, but he took the Chain of Gold, and fastned one end to the Arm of a great Oak, and the other end to his neck, intending violently to strangle himself; but Heaven prebent his desperate intent after a strange manner: for under the same Tree the brained Gyant lay, not yet fully dead, who in this manner spake to St. George.

O stay thy hand, most Noble and Invincible Knight, the world's chief Wonder for admirable Chivalry, and let my dying Soul convert thee from so wicked a Deed: Seven Virgins in this Thicket have I Ravished, and buried all their Bodies in my accursed Bowels, but before I could deflower the eighth, in a strange manner her bright Beauty was changed into a loathsome Leprouse, whereby I detested her sight, and left her Chastity undehiled, but by her sad complaints, I since have understood, how that she is your Lady and Love, and to this hour she hath her Residence within this Thicket. And thereupon with a doleful groan which seemed to shake the Ground, he had adieu to the World.

Then St. George being glad to hear such Tryings, reverted from his desperate intent, and leatched up and down the Grove till he had found Sabra, where she sat sorrowing under the branches of a Spalberry tree, betwixt whom was a sad and heavy greeting; and as they walked back to the Queens Babilion, she discoursed to him the truth of this bloody stratagem, where she remained till the Ama-

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zonian Queen had cured her Leprosy by the secret virtue of her skill; of whom after they had taken leave, and given her thanks for her kind courtesies, St. George with his Lady took their Journey towards Persia, where the Christian Armies lay Encamped, at whose arrival you shall hear strange and wonderful things, the like was never done in any Age.

### CHAP. XVII.

How St. George and his Lady took themselves in a Wilderness where he was delivered of three goodly Boys. The Fairy Queen's Prophecy upon the Children's Fortunes. Of St. George's return into Bohemia, where he Christianised his Children, and of finding his Father's Grave, over which he built a stately Tomb.

**S**aint George having finished the Adventure of the Enchanted Tower, and saved the Fair of the Lustful Giant, they took their Journey towards Persia, where the Christian Armies lay Encamped before the Sultan's great City of Belgor, a place most strongly fortified with Towers, and other high Munitions, by the Commandment of Olmond, whom you have seen before in the last Chapter, to be the rarest Architect in the World. One of the English Champion with his Lady travelled thither, and they passed thro' a Desert and many Wildernesses, overgrown with tall Birch and Cedar Trees, and many large and ancient Oaks, the spreading branches whereof seemed to with-hold the Sun, & Heaven from their unbroken pathway, and rose far beyond height to reach into the Elements, the inhabitants were Satyrs, Nymphs, Fairies, and other kind of Monsters, which he saw as he went up and down the Forest, and he might perceive the presence of Proserpine the Fairy Queen. The Sultan's sister, learning of this, to show him a pleasing change of air, and to make him feel the kind made such a stormy and cold day, that he and his Lady it rained their clothes till they were all wet, and made them think they had entered the shades of a gloomy Dungeon. But when they wandered at the Beauty of the Palace, which was adorned with a sumptuous Silver and Gold, and the great and beautiful gates, adorned with many Towers by Fairies' hands, so long till they



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They had lost themselves amongst the unknown passages, not knowing how, nor by what means to recover the perfect Path of their Journey, but were constrained to wander in the Wilderness, like solitary Pilgrims, spending their day with weary steps, and the night with vain imaginations, even as the Child when he hath lost himself in a populous City, runneth up and down, not knowing how to return to his native dwelling; even so it hapned to these two lost and disconsolate Travellers, for when they had wandred many days one way, and finding no end of their Toils, they retired backward to the place of their first setting forth, where they were wont to hear the noise of People resounding in Country Villages, and to meet Travellers passing from place to place; but now they heard nothing but blustering of wind, rattling in the wood, making the Brambles to whistle, and the Trees to groan, and now and then to meet a speckled Beast like to the Rain-bow, weltring from his Den to seek his natural Sustainance: in their Travelling also they were wont to hear the crowing of the Cock, recording glad triumphs of the cheerful days approach, the neighing of Horses in Pasture-fields, and the barking of Dogs in Farmers Houses: but now they were affrighted with the roaring of Lions, pelting of Wolves, the croakings of Toads in roots of rotten Trees, and the rufal sound of Frogs's Ravishment, excoriated by the

In this solitary manner wearied they the roling time away, till that at that time the Elder Man had returned her borrowed Night, by the which time the Durehen of Sabra's Month began to grow pained, and the Fruit of her Womb ready to burst ripe, the pain of her Delivery drew on, wherein she required Lucina's help, to make St. George the Father of a Princely Son: time called for Physicians to aid and bring her Babe into the World, and to make her a happy Mother: but before the pained hour of her Delivery approached, St. George had purchased her a Tower of Olive-branches which he erected betwixt two pleasant Hills, where instead of a Palace-Cabinet, being with Trees, and Rich Tapestries, he was constrained to lodge her self with a simple Lodging covered with Roses, and other fragrant Flowers; her Bed he made of green Moss, and Tissue down, beset narrowly round about with Olive-branches, and the canopy of an Orange tree, which made it seem more beautiful than Flora's Pavilion, as Diana's Chamber: but at last, when she felt the pain of her Womb grow intolerable, and the hour ready to be seized, and how she was in a Wilderness, she told her Servants Company, that should be ready to assist her in so hard a matter, she said her self down upon her Mother's Bed,

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and with a blushing Countenance she disclosed her mind in this manner to St. George.

My most dear and loving Lord (quoth she) my true and only Champion at all times and seasons, except at this hour, for it is the painful hour of my Delivery, therefore depart from out of the hearing of my Cryes, and commit my Fortune to the pleasures of the Heavens: for it is not convenient for any man's eye to behold the secrets of a Woman in such a case: stay not, I say, dear Lord, to see the Infant now sprawling in my Womb, to be delivered from the Bed of his Creation; forsake my presence for a time, and let me, like the Noble Queen of France, obtain the favour of some Fairy to be my Midwife, that my Babe may be as happily born in this Wilderness as was her Valiant Son, the Infantine and Elfin, the one of them was cherished by a King, and the other by a Bear, yet both of them grew famous in their Deeds; my pain is great, dear Lord, therefore depart my Chamber, and before Phoebus lodgeth in the West, I shall either be a happy Mother, or a lifeless Body: thou a joyful Father, or a sorrowful Widower. At which words St. George sealed the Agreement with a kiss, and departed thence without any reply, but with a trembling Heart he had her agony, and to take his way to the foot of a Mountain, being in distance from his Lady's abiding, a mountain of a hill, there museth he during the time of her Travail, with his bare knees upon the bosome of the Earth, never ceasing to pray, but continually invoking the Mercy of God, to grant his Lady a quick and safe Delivery: at whose devout Prayers the Dragons began to retire, and all the time of her pain, covered the place with a hail of harmlesse, by great flocks of Birds, with Trains of untamed Beasts that came flocking about the Mountain where he knelt, and in their their voices uttered his secret Contemplations: where I shall leave him to a time, and speak what hapned to Sabra in the middle of her pain, and extremity of her Travail: for after St. George's departure, the fury of her Grief so kindled in her mind, that it exceeded the bounds of Reason, whereby her heart was constrained to breathe to many leaching sighs, that they seemed to blast the leaves of Trees, and to wither the Flowers which beautified her Chamber: her burdened Torments caused her sweat to drop, her countenance to discolour down silver drops, and all the rest of her Body so terrible like a Castle in a terrible Earthquake: insupportable were her pains, and cruel were her cries, that she durst not utter a word to relent, and untamed Lions, with other wild Beasts, lay like Lambs,





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Under the Billow of the second Babe, was Charactered these  
Merits following, who lay in his Cradle smiling like Cupid upon the  
Lap of Dido, whom Venus transformed to the likeness of Alce-  
mus.

This Child shall likewise live to be a King,  
Time's wonder for Device and Courty sport;  
His Tilt and Tournaments abroad shall ring,  
To every Coast where Noble Knights resort  
Queens shall attend, and humble at his Feet,  
Thus Love and Beauty shall together meet.

Lastly, Under the Billow of the third was these Merits likewise  
Charactered, who blushed in his Cradle like Paris when she strove  
for the Golden Apple with Venus, and the Judgment of Heaven.

The Mute, Darling for true Sapience,  
In Princes Courts this Babe shall spend his days,  
Kings shall admire his Learned Eloquence,  
And write in brazen Books his endless Praise;  
By Dallas's gift he shall atchieve a Crown,  
Advance his Fame, and lift him to Renown.

Thus, when the Fair Queen had ended her Discourse upon the  
Children, and had left them Golden Fortunes lying in their Crad-  
les, she vanished away, leaving the Baby rejoycing at her fair  
face, and wondering at the Gift of Proserpine, which she intended  
to be her dowry to make her eyes, and things of fading fidel-  
lity; but when she had laid her hands upon the rich Covering of  
Paradise's Garden, which covered her Mother's Bed, and felt that it  
was the self same from what it was then; she saw her eyes with a  
dearful look up to the Palace of Heaven, and not only gave thanks  
to immortal Love for her rich bestowed benefits, but for his mer-  
ciful kindness in making her the happy Mother of these three golden  
Children. But we will now return again to the Noble Champion  
St. George, whom he left sleeping upon the ground in the  
as you heard before, the Kings were overjoyed with his  
return, and had him taken to the Palace of the Kings, where  
he was lodged in the Golden Room, and was much loved  
by the Champions, and to comfort her Mother  
in her grief, he was appointed that St. George should  
be her Guardian, and granted her a fair Dowry; therefore he

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all haste he retired back to the Silvan Cabine, the which he found most strangely deckt with sumptuous Habitations, his Lady lying in her Child-bed, as glorious as if she had been the greatest Empress in the World, and three princely Boys sweetly sleeping in their several Cradles, at whose first sight his heart was so Raptured with joy, that for a time it withheld the passage of his Tongue; but at last when he found the Silver Tablet lying under the Pillows, and read the happy Fortunes of his Childzen, he ran unto his Lady, embracing her lovingly, and kindly demanded the true discourse of this Accident, and by whose means the Boyer was beautified so gragiously, and the propounder of his Childzens Prophecie; who with a countenance blushing like purple morning, replied in this manner:

My most dear and well beloved Lord, the pains I have endured to make you the happy Father of three lovely Boys, hath not been more painful than the stroke of Death, but yet my Delivery more joyful than the pleasures of this World: the Winds carried my groans to every corner of this Wilderness, whereby both Trees and Herbs assisted my complaints, Beasts, Birds, and feathered Fowls, with every senseless thing that Nature framed on this Earth, seem'd to pity my moans; but in the midst of my Torments, when my Soul was ready to forsake this worldly habitation, there appeared to me a Queen Crowned with a Golden Diadem, in State and Costume like Imperious Juno, and in Beauty to Divine Diana; her Garments for Brightness seem'd to stain the Sun-Bow in her brightest hue, and for diversity of Colours, to surpass the Flowers of the Fields: on her attended many beautiful Nymphs, some clad in Garments in colour of the Crysal Ocean, some in Attire as gallant as the pleasant Rose, and some more glorious than the Azure Firmaments: Her wisdom might compare with Minerva, her Judgment with Ceres, and her skill with Lavinia; for no sooner enter'd she my presence, but my Travels ceased, and my Woe delivered up my grievous Burden, my Babes being brought to light by the virtue of her skill, she prepared three rich and sumptuous Cradles, the which were brought instantly to my Cabine, likewise three Nannies, and this I considered Covenant, she fram'd bestowed upon me, and in immediately vanished away, and I was left

At which sight my George gave her so many kind embraces, and kiss'd her so lovingly, as though it had been the first day that she was born. At last her hunger increased, and her child began to much afflict her, that except she receiv'd some comfort in satisfaction, her life wou'd in danger. This extreme desire

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Sabra could see George to buckle on his Armour, and to unhealth his cruell Sword, ready to goe the Huntsman of some Deer: who George by the name of true Knighthood, never to rest in peace, till he had purchased her hearts content.

My Love (said he) I will adventure for thy sake, more dangers then Jason did for Medea's Love: I will search the thickest Groves, and chase the nimble Doe to Death, the flying Bow, I'll follow up and down from Tree to Tree, till over-wearied they do fall down and die, for love of thee and these my tender Babes, whom I esteem more dear than the Conquest of rich Babylon; I will adventure more dangers than did Hercules for the Love of Dejanira, and more extreame than Turnus did in his bloody Battles. And therefore with his faction ready charged, he tracen the Forest leaving no Thorne. While my Ghostly Cave unsarched, till he had found a Fallow Deer; from which number he singed out the fatted to make his Lady a bountifull Banquet: but in the time of his absence, there hapned to Sabra a strange and wonderful Accident; for there came weltring into the Cabine three most terrible and monstrous Beasts, a Lions, a Tyger, and a the Wolf, which took the Babes out of their Cradles, and bore them to their secret Den.

At which sight Sabra like one bereft of Sense, started from her Bed, and to her weak power offered to follow the Beasts, but all in vain; for she could get without her Cabine, they were gone long agoe. The Childrens cry without her hearing; then like a discontented woman he turned back, beating her Breast, rending her Hair, and flinging up and down her Cabine, using all the rage she could devise against her self; and had not St. George returned the sooner, she had most violently committed her own slaughter: but at his return, when he beheld her face stained with tears, her head bereft of Ornaments, and her Throate Breast all to be rent, he cast down his Glendon in all haste, and asked the cause of her Mourne.

Oh (said she) this is the wofuller day that ever hapned to me, for in the time of your unhappy Hunting, a Lions, a Tyger, and a Wolf came into the Cabin, and took my Children from their Cradles; what is become of them I know not, but greatly I fear by this time they are intombd within their hungry Bowels.

Oh simple Monuments (quoth he) for such sweet Babes: Well Sabra, if the Monsters have bereaved me of my Children, this bloody Sword that dived into the Entrails of the Fallow Deer,



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shall give my woful heart in twain: Accursed be this fatal Day  
the Planets that predominate, and Sun that line the Moon, let  
Heaven blot it from the year, and let it never more be number'd  
counted for a diſmal day throughout the World; let all the Trees  
be blaſted in thoſe accuſed Woods; let Herbs and Grains conſume  
away and die, and all things periſh in this Wilderneſs. But why  
breaſte I our theſe Curſes in vain, when as methinks I hear my  
Children in untamed Lions Dens, crying for help and ſuccour.  
I come ſweet Babes, I come, either to redeem you from Tygers  
wrathful Jaws, or make my Grave within their hungry Bowels.

When took he up his sword, beheaded all in blood, and the  
fish beheaded of this and hence, brings up and down the tall  
bernde, searching ever after for his children, but he is alone  
mained still in her place, lamenting for their loss, looking for  
Graden with her penitence, and that can when her tears are like  
like silver drops.

Many birds wintered in the Grange, sometimes in flocks of many hundreds and thousands; sometimes in small numbers. Among the birds which helped to feed and play, and among which I collected, were Quakes and Serpents, live.

[illegible]

## Seven Champions of Christendom.

then pulled in pieces, for at that time it was to fall or ripe. Dangers, and so liberation, but the branches remain to be seen, and the bones to be seen, of which fruit he had like abundance both to the Heavens, whereby they restrained their fires, and led to fall thereon, and in those times they grew drunk, and once overcome with a dead and heavy sleep, this good and happy fortune caused St. George himself to leap off the Tree, and with his keen edged sword, cut off their heads from their bodies, the which being done, he went to his children, lying comfortless upon a stony bank; who so pleasantly smiled in his face, that they made him greatly to rejoice, and to receive as great pleasure in their sight, as though he had been honoured with the Comets of Caesar, or the Kings of Alexander; therefore after he had given them his blessing, he took them up in his arms, and spoke their words following.

Come, come, my pretty Babes, you'll safe Deliveries from these inhumane Monsters, will add long Life unto your Mother, and hath preserved your Father from a desperate Death: from henceforth let Heaven be your guide, and send you as happy Fortunes as Remus and Romulus the first Founders of Imperial Rome, which in their Infancies were Nursed with the Milk of a Ravenous Wolf, and as Prosperous in your Adventures, as was that Persian Potentate, which fed on the Milk of a Rat.

At the end of which speeches, he approached the Cabins, where he left his Lady mourning for the loss of her Children; but at his return he found her without tears or moaning; being not able to give him a joyful welcome, whereas he fell into this extreme passion of Sorrow.

O Fortune, Fortune, (saith he,) how many Griets heaped thou upon my head? wilt thou needs enjoin sorrow an endless sorrow? See, Babes, see, I have redeemed our Sons, and freed them from the Tygers bloody Jaw, whose wrathful Countenances did threaten Death.

Which comfortable Speeches caused her presently to rejoice, and to take the little Infants in her Arms, kissing them sweetly upon her Cheek, and at which they smiled so sweetly and pleasantly, as Cupid in the Lap of Diu, when Amos lay in the Arms of Darrigue, was much surpassed; being so sweet, and so full of comfort, that the father and the Champion and his Lady, were now too long to be distressed; but to be brief, the remainder in the Wilderness with no further disturbance, either of wind, beasts, or other Accidents, still safe, had recovered her Children and Sonnets: And then being comforted by happy Stars, they returned back the ready way to Christendom.

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Christendom, where after some few days Travel, they arrived in the Bohemian Court, where the King of that Countrey, with some other Bordering Princes, most Royally Christened his Children. The Christ they named Gay, the Second Alexander, and the Third David; the which being performed, and the Triumphs ended, which in most sumptuous manner continued for the space of one Month, then the Bohemian King, for the great Love he bare to St. George, provided most honourably for his Childrens bringing up.

First, He appointed three several Embassadors, with all things necessary for so Princely a Charge, to conduct the three Infants to three several Countreys. The first, and eldest, whose Fortune was to be a Soldier, he sent to the Imperial City of Rome, (being then the wonder of the World for Martial Discipline) there by the Emperors to be Trained up. The Second, whose Fortune was to be a Courtly Prince, he sent to the Rich and Pleasant Countrey of England, being the Pride of Christendom for all delightful pleasures. The Third and Last, whose Fortune was to be prove a Scholar, he sent into Germany, unto the University of Wittenberg, being thought at that time to be the excellentest place of Learning that remained throughout the whole World.

Thus were St. George's Children provided for by the Bohemian King, for when the Embassadors were in Readiness, the Ships for their Passage furnished, and Attendance appointed, St. George, in Company of his Lady, the King of Bohemia with his Queen, and a Train of Lords, and Gentlemen, and Ladies, Conducted them to Ship-board, where the Wind served them prosperously, that in a short time they had had adieu to the Shore, and sailed cheerfully away. But as St. George returned back to the Bohemian Court, it was his chance to come by an old Ruinated Monument, under whose Walls in former time his Father was Buried, the which he knew by certain Clerks carried in Stone over his Grave, by the Commons of the Countrey (as you may read before in the beginning of this History.) Over the same he requested of the King that he might Errect a Stately Monument, that the remembrance of his Name might live for ever, and not be Buried in the State of Obscurity. To which reasonable Demand, the King most willingly consented, and presently gave special commandment that the cunningest Architects that remained within his Dominion, should forthwith be sent for, and withal gave a Tun of Gold forth of his own Treasury, towards the performance thereof. The sudden report of this memorable Deed being quitted abroad, caused Workmen to come from every place of their own



## Seven Champions of Christendom.

arrested, with such willingness, that they in short time finished it: the Foundation of the Tomb was of purest Marble, whereon was engraven the frame of Earth, and how the watry Ocean was divided, with Moore, Brooks, Hills, and Dales; so lively portrayed, that it was a wonder to behold: The Pipes and Chimneys of Alabaſter, beset with knobs of Jasper Stone; the sides and Pillars of the clearest Jet; upon the top stood four golden Lions, holding up, as it were an Element, wherein was curiously described the Golden Sun and Moon, and how the Heavens take their usual Courses, with many other things wrought both in Gold and Silver, which for this time I omit, because I am forced at large to discourse of the Principally Proceedings of St. George, who after the Monument was finished, with his Lady, most humbly took their Leave of the King, thanked him for his Love, Kindness, and Courtesie, and so departed towards Egypt and Persia, of whose Adventures you shall hear more in the Chapter following.

### CHAP. XVI

How St. George with his Lady arrived in Egypt: Of their Royal Entertainment in the City of Grand Cairo; and also how Dabia was Crowned Queen of Egypt.

**M**any strange Accidents, and dangerous Adventures, St. George with his Lady passed, before they arrived within the Territories of Egypt, which I must needs to repeat, and not to describe. But at last when Fortune smiled, which before had long time crossed their intents with her inconstant Changes, and had cast them haply upon the Egyptian Shore, being the Church and Shrine of Israels last Creation; the treacherous Dabia, which St. George before time committed the guiding of his Land, and keeping of his Cronon; all yea years before discovered, now met him and his Lady at the Sea-side, most richly mounted upon their costly trapped Horses, and willingly surrendered up his Kingdom, Crown, and Regiment; and after in company of many Nobles, Counts, Dukes, Earls, Lords, Knights, and Royal Gentlemen, they attended them to the City of Grand Cairo, being



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Next, the God of War descended his Throne; and presented him with the richest Armour that ever eye beheld, and the bravest Sword that ever Art handled; for they have been kept within the Cien of Giant Caver, for the space of five hundred Years; and held for the richest Jewels in the Country. Also he presented Sam with a Spour of such an inestimable price, that it would not be sold at a King's Ransom; for it was made by Magick Art, the Jewels and Jewellers thereof were so precious, that it is almost incredible to report; for therein one might behold the several Properties of all the liberal Sciences, and by Art discourse what was practised in other Princes Courts; if any Silver Fountain within a thousand Miles of the place where it remained, were enriched with a Mine of Gold, it would describe the Place and Country; and how deep it lay aloft in the Earth; by it one might truly calculate upon the birth of Children, Succession of Princes, and continuance of Commonwealths, with many other excellent Gifts and Jewels, which for this time I omit. Then in great State passed Sir George to the third Court, which was richly beautified with all gallant sights as the other Courts; for there was most lively portrayed the manner of Elyon, how he was humbled in their cruel Throned, and how he was humbled in the Court and Councillors took their places by degrees in Parliament; the sight was pleasant and the Deceit most excellent; then which comers, and their songs heavenly. Thus passed Sir George, with his Lady, through the three Courts, till they came to the Palace; wherein was provided a banquet there coming a Statelier Banquet then had the Macedonian monarch, at his return into Babylon, when he had conquered the whole earth; the curious Gates and well replenished with so much, that I want Art and Language to describe them; but to be short, it was the most sumptuous Banquet that ever they beheld since their departure from the English Court, and the richest served, as tho' that all the World had been present. Many days continued this sumptuous Cheer, and accompanied with such princely Triumphs, as Art herself wants words to describe.

The Coronation of Sabe, which was royally performed with a three Months following, requires a golden Pen to write it and a Quill might in the Controversies of the World to relate it: Egypt was honoured with Triumphs, and Giant with Gifts and Turnaments. Throned they Town proclaimed a solemn and tedious day, in the celebration of



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of their new crowned Queen; no Traveller nor Stranger was suffered to touch that horn, but was charged, upon pain of death, to hold it for a day of Triumph, a day of Joy, and a day of Pleasure. In which Royalties St. George was a principal Performer, till this of Honour summoned him to stand; the remembrance of the Christian Champions in Persia, caused him to hydrate the Massines, and to buckle on his lively Corset, which had not glittered in the helms of Mars in four and twenty days, of which noble Deeds, and adventurous Proceedings, I will enlarge discourse, and leave all other Passages to the new invested Queen and her Ladies.

### C H A P. XVII.

The bloody Battle betwixt the Christians and the Persians, and how the Negromancer, Ormuzd, raised up, by his Magick Art, an Army of Spirits to fight against the Christians; how the Six Champions were Enchanted, and recovered by St. George; the Misery and Death of the Conjuror; and how the Souldan Brained himself against a Marble Pillar.

**N**OW must we return to the Christian Champions, and speak of their Battles in Persia, and what happened to them in St. George's absence, for if you remember before, being in Egypt, when he had news of his Lord's condemnation in England, for the Murder of the Earl of Coventry, he caused them to march into Persia, and encouraged them to revenge his wrongful Judgment upon the Souldan's Subjects; in which Country, after they had marched some fifty Miles, burning and spoiling his Territories, they were intercepted by the Souldan's Power, which was about the number of three hundred thousand fighting Men; but the Muster-roll of the Christians was a little more number'd, and they amounted not to above one hundred thousand able Men: at which time, betwixt the Christians and Pagans, happened a long and dangerous Battle, the like in any Age was seldom fought; for it continued without ceasing, for the space of five days, to the great effusion of blood on both Parties; but at last the Pagans had the word, for when they beheld their fields beset with mangled Bodies, and that the Rivers for many Miles runn'd with crimson Blood, their hearts began to fail, and incontinently ran like sheep before the Souldan's host, the valiant Christians following after revenge, spears, pikes, and swords, sparing neither young nor old, till the more hardy

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Grained with Murders babies, the Heaps of scattered Sain: In which Pursuit and honourable Conquest they burned two hundred Towns and Counties; battering their Towers of Irons as level with the ground, as harvest Reapers do Fields of ripened Corn: but the Gaulsman himself, with many of his appointed Souldiers cleaved alive, and fortified the City of Grand Belgor, being the strongest Town of War in all the Kingdome of Persia, before whose Walls we will leave the Christian Champions planting their puissant Forces, and speak of the damnable practices of Omond within the Town: where he accomplished many admirable Accidents by Magick Art: for when the Christians being long time given assaile to the Walls, sending their fiery Bullets to their lofty Battlements like showers of Wintered Hail: whereby the Persian Souldiers were not able any longer to resist, they began to yield, and commit their lives to the mercy of the Christian Champions: but when the Gaulsman perceived the Souldiers cowardice, and how they would willingly resign their native Government to foreign Rule: he encouraged them still to hold the Christians desperate encounters, and such in this manner, if they had not the honour of the Crowne, they would have consented to their Countreys Conquest: which policy resolution encouraged the Souldiers to resist, intending not to sell any other City, till Omond had made triumph on their Town. Then departed he unto a sacred Tower where he taught Omond sitting in a Chair, holding, by Magick, how long Persia should remain unconquered. When at his entrance made him from his Chamber with these words:

O Thou wondrous Man of Art (saith the Gaulsman) whom for Necromancy the World hath made famous: Now is the time to express the Love and Loyalty thou bearest thy Sovereign: Now is the time thy charming Spells must work for Persias good: thou seest my Fortunes are deprest, my Souldiers dead, my Captains slaughtered, my Cities burned, my Fields of Corn consumed, and my Countrey almost conquered: I that was wont to cover the Seas with Fleets of Ships, now stand amazed to hear the Christians Drums, that sound forth dolefull Funerals for my Souldiers: I that was wont, with armed Legions, to drink up Rivers as we marched, and made the Earth to groan with bearing of our Multitudes: I that was wont to make whole Kingdoms tremble at my Frowns, and force imperious Potentates to humble at my Feet: I that have made the Streets of many a City to run with Blood, and have joyed when I saw their Buildings burn: I that have made the Mothers to curse the Infants Tombs, and raised Graves for to swell

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in streams of Bloud, may now behold my Country's Ruine, my Kingdom's fall, and mine own fatal overthrow. Awake, great Dumb-bell, from thy dreaming Trance, awake, I say, and raise a Troop of black infernal Fiends to fight against the damned Christians; that like swarms of Bees do flock about our Walls; prevent, I say, my Land's Invasion, and as I am great Monarch of the Sea, I'll make thee King over twenty Provinces, and sole Commander of the Ocean; raise up, I say, thy charmed Spirits, leave burning Sycheton empty for a time, to aid us in this bloody Battle.

These words were no sooner ended, but there raised such a peal of Cannons against the City Walls, that they made the very Earth shake: Whereat the Deere-monger started from his Chair, and in this manner encouraged the Soldier:

It is not Cannon, (quoth he) nor all the petty Bands of armed Knights, nor all the Princes in the World, that shall abate your Princely Dignity: Am not I the great Magician of this Age, that can both loose and bind the Fiends, and call the black-faced Furies from low Cocytus? Am not I that skillful Artist, which framed the charmed Tower amongst the Amazonian Dames, which all the Witches in the World could never spoil? Therefore let Learning, Art, and all the Secrets of the Deep, assist me in this Enterprise, and then let frowning Europa do her worst! my Charms shall cause the Heavens to rain such raging showers of Stones upon their Heads, whereby the Earth shall be over-laden with their dead Bodies, and Hell over-filled with their hateful Selves: Tens of Types shall rise in humane shapes, and fight for Christ: all wise Men that were ever famous for Arts, shall like the life of safeguard of our Father's State, then, Why should not I command prodigious Wonders for his Sovereign's Happiness? I'll raise a Troop of Spirits from the lowest Earth, more black then dismal Night, the which in ugly Shapes shall haunt them up and down, and when they sleep within their rich Pavilions, legions of fiery Spirits will leap out from Hell, this like to Dragons spitting flames of Fire, shall blast and burn the damned Christians in their Tents of War: the Fields of Grand Belaguer shall be over-spread with venomous Snakes, Adders, Serpents, and impoisoned Frogs, the which unseen shall lurk in mossie Ground, and Ring the Coldacks of warlike Horses, down from the crystal Firmament I will conjure Troops of airy Spirits to descend, that like to Virgins clad in princely Ornaments shall lure those Christian Champions in the Charms of love, their Eyes shall be like the twinkling Lamps of Heaven, and dwell in their warlike Thoughts, and their lively Countenances more bright then Sunnes, shall lead them captive to a Tent of love, the which shall be artificially erected up by Magick Spells; that with the Weapons that



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were wont to smock in Pagans Blood, shall in my charmed Tent, be  
 hung upon the bowers of Peace; their glistering Armour that were wont  
 to shine within the Fields of Warre, shall henceforth for evermore be  
 stained with Rust; and themselves surnamed for Martial Discipline,  
 the Wondrous Champions of the World, shall surfeit with delightful  
 Loves; and sleep upon the laps of the airy Spirits, that descend the E-  
 lements in Virgins shapes; Terror and Despay shall mightily oppress  
 their mercilesse Souldiers, that they shall yield the honourable Conquest  
 to your Excellency: such strange and wonderful Accidents by Art shall  
 be accomplished, that Heaven shall frown at my Enchantments, and the  
 Earth tremble to hear my Conjurations; therefore, most mighty Per-  
 sians number up thy scattered Bands; and to morrow in the morning  
 set open thy Gates, and march thitherward with thy armed Souldiers;  
 leave not a Man within the City, but let every one that is able to bear  
 Arms, fight in the honour of Persia; and before the closing of the night,  
 I'll make thee Conquerour, and yield up the bracing Christians as Pri-  
 soners to thy Mightiness.

If this prove true, renowned Darius, as thou hast promised, (I'll  
 give thee) Earth shall not harbour that too dear for thee; for  
 thou shalt have myself, my Kingdom, Crown and Scepter at com-  
 mand: the wealthy River Danube, shall pay thee yearly Tribute  
 with her Treasures, the place where Babylon was, shall be golden with a  
 reward: All things that Nature framed precious shall thou be Lord of;  
 And whatsoever I shall desire, shall be thine: the invasion of my Country,  
 and destruction thereof, shall be thy shame, and left the Persian  
 King in his cups, and in his rage, Commandment his Captain  
 made in readiness his Souldiers, and furnished their warlike  
 Boiles, and to the Kings swelling marches into the field of  
 Belge, where upon the North side of the Camp, they pitched  
 their Camp. On the other side, when the warlike Christians  
 had intelligence by their Towers of Guard, how the Persians  
 were entered the fields ready to give them Battle, when al-  
 round sounded in their March, rumours of Conquest encouraged  
 to the Souldiers, that valiantly they were in readiness to en-  
 gage the Persians in a bloody Banquet: both Armies were in  
 fight, with blood red Colours, waivering in the Air; the Chri-  
 stian Champions, richly mounted on their marble Horses,  
 placed themselves in the fore front of the Battle, like towers  
 of strength, having neither Death nor dangerous chance of  
 hurt, for the Persians were not able to move them. The Chri-  
 stian Champions, richly mounted on their marble Horses,  
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ing Factions not only annoyed the Souldiers with fear and terror, but also fired the Hosts' Pains, burned the Trappings, consumed their Banners, scorched Trees and Herbs, and dimmed the Elements with such an extreme Darkness, as tho' the Earth had been covered with eternal Night; he caused the Spirits likewise to raise such a Tempest that it rose up mighty Oaks by the roots, remoted Hills and Mountains, and blew up Men into the Air, Poole and all: yet neither his Magick Arts, nor all the Furies and wicked Spirits could any while bount the most noble and magnanimous Minds of the six Champions of Christendom; but like unconquer'd Irons they purchased Honour where they went, colouring their Swords in Pagan's Blood, making the Earth true Witness of their bloody and heroic Proceedings, whom they had attired in a blood-red Livercy: and though St. George (the chiefest Champion of Christendom for Partial Discipline and princely Achievements) were absent in that terrible Battle, yet wanted they as much Honour and Renown as tho' he had been there present; for the armed Pagans fell before their warlike Dragons, as Leaves do from the Trees, when the blustering Wind of Winter enter on the Earth. But when the wicked Decemancer, Omond, perceived that his Magick Spells took not effect, and how, in despite of his Enchantment, the Christians got the better of the day, he accused his Art, and damned the hour and time when he attempted so wicked an Enterprize, thinking them to be preserved by Angels, or else by some celestial Power: but yet not purposing to leave off at first repulse, he attempted another way, by Necromancy, to overthrow the Christians.

First he reared up, by Magick Art, a Queer Tent, never before known like to the compass of Earth; but furnished it with all the delightful Pleasures that either Art or Nature could invent, only framed to Enchant the Christian Champions with enticing delight, whom he purposed to take at his own nets therein: then sent he again to his Conjuraton, and caused a hundred Spirits by due obedience to transform themselves into the likeness of beautiful Virgins, which in a moment they accomplished, and they were framed in form and beauty like to the Darlings of Venus, in countenance comparable with Them, dancing on the silver sands, and in all proportion like Daphne, whose Beauty caused Apollo to descend the heavens: their Limbs were like the lofty Cedars, their Cheeks like Roses ripe in Pinks, and their Eyes more bright than the Stars of Heaven; also they



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scathed to enter in their hands silver Bows, and on their backs hanging Bundles of golden Arrows; whence upon their breasts, they had painted the God of Love dancing upon Mars his horse.

Thus in the shape of beautiful Damozels, caused he these Smiles to enter the Christians Army, and with the golden Boil of their enticing Smiles, to tangle the Champions in the Snarles of Love, and with their smiling Beauties, led them from their Soldiers, and to bring them Prisoners into his enchanted Tent. Whose Commandment being no sooner given, but these Virgins, or rather infernal Furies, more swift then the Winds, glided into the Christian Army, where their glistering Beauties so dazled the Eyes of the Christian Champions, and their softer Countenances so entrapped their Hearts with desire, that their princely Valours were abated, and they stood gazing at their excellent Proportions, as though Medusa's Head were had been painted upon their faces; to whom the smiling Ladies spake in this manner:

Come, princely Gallants, come away with Arms, forget the sounds of bloody War, and hang your angry weapons on the power of Peace: in Venus, you see hath sent her Messengers from Paphos to lead you to the paradise of Love; there Heaven will rain down Nectar and Ambrosia, sweet for you to feed upon, and there the melody of Angels will make you Misk; there shall you fight upon beds of Silk, and be conquer'd with smiling Kisses: These golden promises so ravished the Champions, that they were enchanted with their Loves, and bound to take their last farewell of Knighthood and magnanimous Exploits.

Thus were they led from their warlike Companies, to the enchanted Commander's enchanted Tent, leaving their Soldiers in those Guldens, in danger of confusion. But the Queen of Chance soon smilen upon the Christians, that the same time St. George arrived in Persia, with a fresh supply of Knights, of whose nobles Ambassadors purpose now to speak: for no sooner had he entered the Barricade, and placed his Squadrons, but he had intelligence of the Champions misadventures, and how they lay enchanted in a Magic Tent, sleeping in pleasure upon the lap of infernal Furies, the which Command had transformed, by his Charms, into the likeness of beautiful Damozels; which unexpected news constrained St. George to breathe from his impatient heart, this most lamentation:

Unconstant Fortune (quoth he) why dost thou entertain me with such false news? Are my Fellow-champions, come from Christian

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to win immortal Honour with their Swords, and lie they now bewitcht with Beauty? Come they from Europe to fight in coats of Steel, and will they lye distraught in Tents of Love? Came they to Asia to purchase Kingdoms, and by bloody War to ruinate Countries, and will they yield their Victories to so foul Disgrace? O shame and great dishonour to Christendom! O spot to Knighthood and true Chivalry! this news is far more bitter to my Soul, than was the poysoned Dreggs that Amelwater gave to Alexander in his Drunkenness, and a deadlier pain unto my Heart, than was that Juice that Hamthall suckt from his fatal King. Come, Soldiers, come you Followers of those cowardly Champions, unsheath your warlike Weapons, and follow him whose Soul hath vowed either to redeem them from the Necromancer's Charms, or die with honour in that Enterprize. If ever mortal Creatures warred with damned Furies, and made a passage to enchanted Dales, where Devils dance, and warlike Shadows in the Night: Then Souldiers let us march unto that Pavilion, and chain the cursed Charmer to some blasted Oak, that hath so highly dishonoured Christendom.

These resolute speeches were no sooner finished, but the whole Army, before haunted with fear, grew so courageous, that they promised to follow him through more dangers than did the Grecian knights with noble Jason in the Isle of Colcos. Now began the Battle again to renew, and the Drums to sound fatal sounds, for the Pagan Souldiers, whose souls the Christians smother'd by numbers sent to burning Acheron: but St. George, that in valour exceeded the rest, as much as the golden Sun surpasseth the smallest stars in brightness, with his Sword made lanes of daughtered Men, and with his angry Arm made passage through the thickest of their Troops, as though that Death had been Commander of the Battel: he cutted Crowns and Scepters in down in blood, and headless heads with jennets Men, to fall as fast before his Sword, as drops of Rain before Thunder, and ever in great danger he encouraged his Souldiers in this manner: Now for the Fame of Christendom, fight; Captains be now Triumphant Conquerors, or Christian Martyrs.

These words so encouraged the Souldiers hearts with invincible Valour, that they neither feared the Necromancer's Charms, nor all the flaming Dragons, nor fierce Witches, that filled the Air with burning Lights, nor haunted at the strange encounters of hellish Legions, that like to armed Men with menacing Frowns haunted them; so fortunate were their proceedings, that they followed the invincible Champion to the enchanted Tent, whereas the other Champions lay surronding

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in Robe, while thousands of their Souldiers fought in Coats of  
 Mail, and needed to down by their noble achievements; for  
 as soon as arrived St. George with his warlike Followers before  
 the Pavilion, but he heard as it were the melody of the Pipes;  
 his ears were a most ravished with the Suggested Songs  
 of the enamoured Souldiers, which like the Sighs of Orpheus  
 Charms, caused the Stones and Trees to dance, and made the  
 Light to shine as most brighter than the in Night Beauty, with  
 drops of Dew reflecting down their crystal Charms: the Stones  
 and hills when they began to sing: the running Waters danced,  
 and every thing else trying his best to breath out Sighs for Love:  
 He then and his whole army were the more in the Charm, and made  
 himself in the Charm, that he had been enchanted with their  
 Charms, it did not continually lose the honour of his  
 good in his Charms, and that the enchantment would remain  
 as Christendom's Reputation: therefore with his sword he let  
 drive at the Tent, and cut it in a thousand pieces: the which  
 being done, he supernaturally beheld under the Decemaneer sat  
 under a block of stone, binding his hands with drops of blood:  
 soon he saw the Champion behind, he pulled his Shoulders to  
 his side upon him, and after tracing him out to the foot of an  
 old blasted Oak, from whence neither Art, nor help of all his  
 Charming, nor all the Lessons of his Devils could ever after loose  
 him, where he leave him to his Lamentations, filling the  
 Air with sighs of Grief, and let us now St. George redeem  
 the Champions from their Enchantments:

well, when we behold them discharmed of their warlike Attire  
 their Souldiers hang up, and themselves sorrowfully sleeping upon  
 the laps of Ladies, he fell into these discontented Speeches:  
 O Heavens (said he) how my Soul abhors this Spectacle! Cham-  
 pions of Christendom arise, brave Knights stand up, I say, and look a-  
 bout like Men: Are you the chosen Captains of your Countries, and  
 will you bury all your Honours up in Ladies Laps? For shame arise,  
 I say they have the Tears of Crocodiles, the Songs of Syrens to en-  
 chant: To Arms, brave Knights, let Honour be your Loves: Blush  
 to behold your Friends in Arms, and blush to see your Native Coun-  
 try-men sleeping the Fields of Battails with their Bloods: Champions  
 arise, St. George calls, the Victory will carry till you come: Arise,  
 and fear the womanish Arms, farthest not in Linnen Robes: put on  
 your steely Corsets, your glittering Burgoners, and unsheath your  
 conquering Weapons that desolate Fields may be converted into a  
 purple Ocean.



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of his sudden Fall, and how he began to roar at the conquest of his Death; the Cloud wherein he died, was ever after that time unfortunate, and to this present time it is called in that Countrey, A Vale of Walking Spirits.

Thus have you heard the damnable life, and miserable fall of this accursed Necromancer Olmond, whom we will now leave to the Punishments due to such a wicked Offender, and to speak of the brave noble and magnanimous Christian Champions.

After St. George had ended their Enchantments; they were armed up their Swords, and unlocked their Armour, till the Subversion of Perin was accomplished, and the Souldan with his petty Kings was taken Prisoner. Seven days the Battle continued without ceasing; they slew two hundred thousand Souldiers, besides a number that fled away and wounded themselves; some cast themselves headlong down from the top of high Trees; some made haubergs of themselves, and yielded to the mercies of the Christians; but the Souldan with his Princes flying in their Iron Chariots, endured the Christians Encounter, till the whole Army was discomfited, and then by force and violence they were compelled to yield. The Souldan hapned into the hands of St. George, and he was brought to the other six Champions; where after they had sworn Allegiance to the Christian Religion, and had promised to forsake their Mahomet, they were not only set at liberty, but used most honourably; but the Souldan himself having a heart fraught with dispaire and revenge, contemned the Champions Courties, and utterly disdaind their Christian Governments, protesting, that the Heavens should see lose their wonted Brightness, and the Seas forsake their swelling Tides, before his heart would yield to their intended Desires; whereupon St. George being resolved to revenge his Injuries, commanded that the Souldan should be disrobed from all his princely Attire, and in his Tygers sent to Prison, then to the Dungeon where he himself had endured so long Imprisonment, as you heard in the beginning of this History, which said Commandment was presently performed; in which Dungeon the Souldan had not long continued, suffering his hungry Stomach with the Head of mully Man, and washing his thirst with Channel-water, but he began to grow desperate, and weary of his life, and at last fell into this woful Lamentation:

O Heaven! (quoth he) now have you thrown a deserved Plague upon my Head, and all those guiltles Soules that in former times my Tyranny

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Tyranny have murdered, may now be fully satisfied; for I that was wont to have my Table beautified with Kings, am now constrained to feed alone in a Dungeon, where Sorrow is my Food, and Despair my Servitor; I that have famished thousands up in Walls of Stone, am now constrained to feed upon mine own Flesh, or else to starve and die: yet shall these cruel Christians know that as I lived in Tyranny, so will I die; for I will make a Murder of myself, that after this Life, my angry Ghost may fill their Sleeps with ghastly Visions.

This being said, he desperately ran his head against a Marble pillar, standing in the middle of the Dungeon, and burst his Brains from out of his hateful Head; the news of whose death when it was trusted in the Champions ears, they protested no violence to his lifeless Body, but intombed him in a sumptuous Sepulchre; and after that St. George took upon him the Government of Persia, and there established good and Christian Laws; also he gave to the other six Champions, six several Kingdoms belonging to the Crown of Persia; and he named them six Vice-kings or petty Kings. This being done, he took Leave with the World, and triumphantly marched towards Christendom with the Conquest of three Imperial Diadems, that is to say, of Egypt, Persia, and Morocco; in which Journey he created many stately Monuments, in remembrance of his Wonders and Heroical Achievements; and through every Country that they marched, there flocked to them an innumerable company of Pagans, that desired to follow him into Christendom, and to be christened in their faith, protesting to forsake their Gods, whose worshippers were none but Tyrants, and such as delighted in nothing but shedding of Blood: to whose Requests, St. George presently condescended, not only in granting them their Desires, but also in honouring them with the favour of his princely Countenance. This Courtesie of the English Champion merited such a glittering Glorify through the World; that as far as ever the golden Globes of Heaven extended their Lights, St. George's Honour was bruited; and not only his matchless Adventures character'd in brazen Tables, but his martial Exploits painted in every Temple, so that the Heav'n Poets contrived Histories of his Deeds, and famouled his Name among the Wonders of the World.

In this princely manner marched St. George with his warlike Troops through the Territories of Africa and Asia, in greater Royalty then did Darius with his Persian Soldiers towards the Camp of Alexander the Great. But when the Chi-



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Which Champion approached the watry Monster, and began to be  
around their ships, the Earth seemed to ring with their  
war, and the winds to rejoice at their valour; the waves  
as if they were smooth as crystal Ice, and the whole blew such  
gentle Gales, as though the Sea Gods had been the Directors of  
their Fleet; the Dolphins danced about the Ranks, and the  
birds in the multitude lay diving amidst the Streams  
making them delightful Pastime; the Skies seemed to smile,  
and the Sun to be in a glittering brightness upon the crystal  
waters, that the Sea seemed to be silver. *OR*  
While in great Pleasure they passed the time away, com-  
mending their Fortunes to the mercy of the Winds and the Waves,  
which did so favourably serve them, that in short time they  
arrived upon the Banks of Chalfontdown; where being no longer  
in danger of the Sea, but past the dangers of the Seas, but Saint  
George, in presence of thousands of his Followers, knelt down  
on the ground, and gave God praise for his happy Arrival, by  
these words following: *OR*

O thou Omnipotent God of New Jerusalem, we not only give thee  
condign Praise for our late achieved Victories against the Enemies, who  
by their Wickedness seek daily to pull thee from thy celestial Throne;  
but also do render thee hearty Thanks, that hast delivered us safely  
from the fury of the raging Seas, that otherwise might have drenched  
us in her devouring Gulf, as thou didst Pharaoh with his golden  
Chariots, and his invincible Legions; therefore great King of Judea,  
under whose Name we have taken many things in hand, and have ac-  
chieved so many Victories, grant that these true Obligations of our  
thankful Hearts may be acceptable in thy sight, which be no fained  
Ceremonies, but inward Devotions of our Souls. And therewith  
at seeing a shower of Tears from their Eyes, and discharging  
a volley of sighs from their Breasts, as a signification of the  
integrity of their Souls, he held his peace: then gave he Com-  
mandment, that the Army should be discharged, and every one  
rewarded according to his desert; which within short time  
was performed, to the honour of Chalfontdown. *OR*

After this St. George earnestly requested the other Knights Cham-  
pions that they would honour him with their presence home  
to his Countrey of England, and there receive the comfort of home-  
ful Ease, after the bloody Encounters of so many dangerous  
Battles. This Motion of St. George, not only obtained their  
Consent, but added a new dignity to their willing Obedience;  
incontinently they set forth towards England, upon which  
shall

## Seven Champions of Christendom.

chally Cliffs they in a short time arrived; and after this took  
the way towards the City of London, where their Enter-  
tainment was so honourably performed, as I want the Elo-  
quent of Cicero, and the Rhetorick of Calyope to describe it.

Thus, O Reader, hast thou heard the first of the princely At-  
chievements, Noble Adventures, and honourable Lives of these renown-  
ed and worthy Champions. The Second Part relates the noble At-  
chievements and strange Fortunes of St. George's Three Sons; the  
Loves of many gallant Ladies; the Combates and Turnaments of ma-  
ny valiant Knights, and Tragedies of mighty Potentates. Likewise  
the rest of the noble Adventures of the renowned Seven Champions;  
also the manner and place of their honourable Deaths, and how they  
came to be called the Seven Saints of Christendom.

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E I N I S.

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Seven Champions of Christendom

...the first of the seven champions of Christendom, who was a knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece, and was killed at the battle of Agincourt, 1415.

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